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The BYSTANDER

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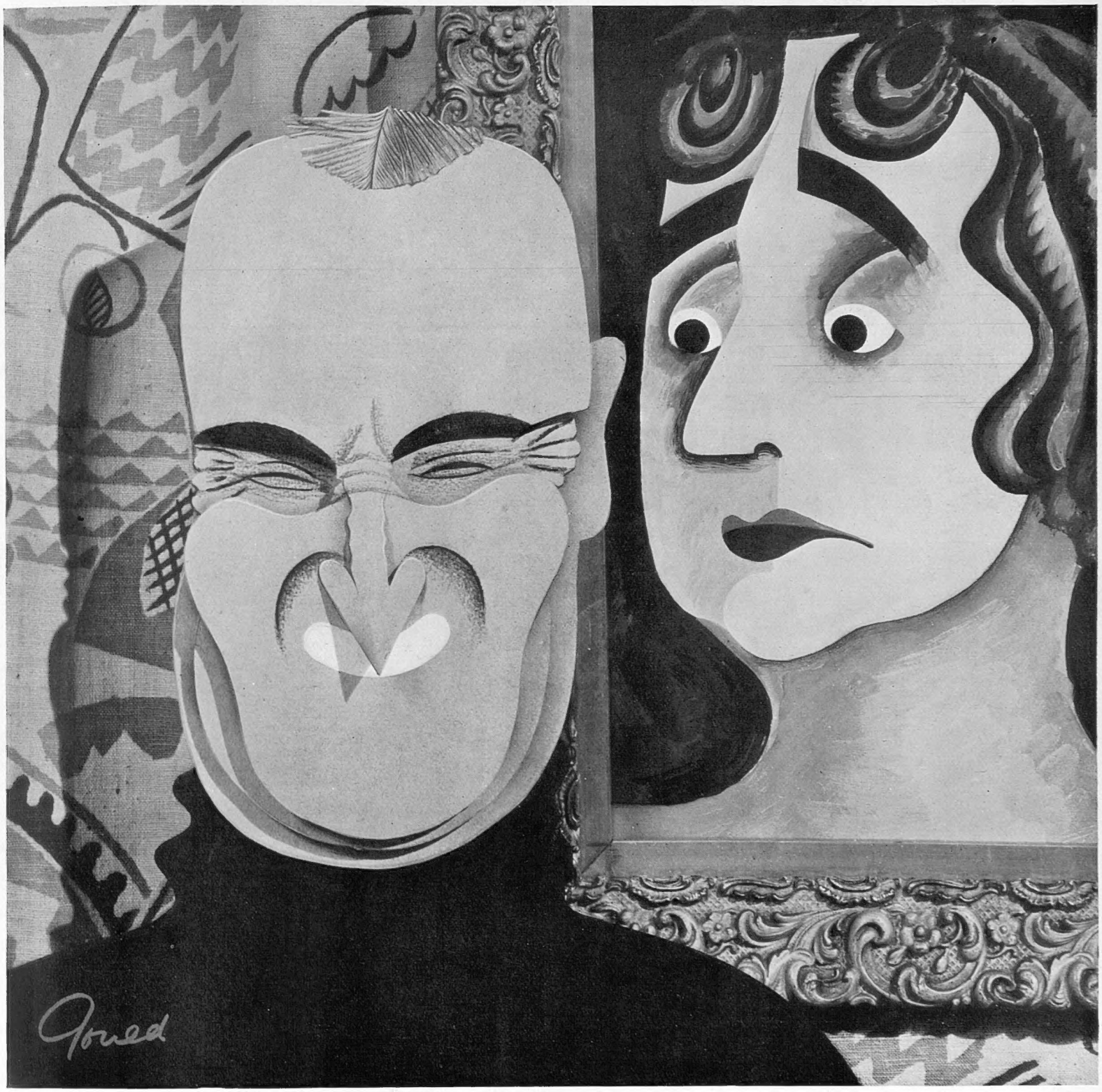
The Bystander, December 6, 1933

No. 1564. Vol. CXX.

The BYSTANDER



Devised by Macsee

Caricatures by Gould

"Murderous Marriages": No. 4. Sir Malcolm Campbell and Mrs. Patrick Campbell

This week our match-making caricaturist, Gould, has united Sir Malcolm Campbell, a star of the speed-track, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, a star of the Stage, and instead of relying on the commonplace pen and pencil he has called in aid a piece of old tapestry, four layers of cardboard fixed in different planes; a feather; paper, both black and white; a picture-frame; a painting on canvas, and there, before your eyes, the picture is constructed

"There it is—saw it in half"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

A New Use for Parliament

PARLIAMENT has opened again, which is all to the good, because now we shall have something to laugh at every day. Since its last Session there have been some by-elections and the Lords and Commons' cricket eleven has got a valuable new recruit in Kenneth Lindsay, who won at Kilmarnock. He is a devastating fast bowler, and has for years been the mainstay of Sir John Squire's famous Invalids. On a really bumpy village wicket Mr. Lindsay is no joke. Another of Sir John's team, Mr. A. P. Herbert, is reported to be meditating a beautiful bit of fun with the Parliament boys. For it is said that he is going to bring an action against one of them for buying drink on unlicensed premises. "We 're a Royal Palace," shriek the Parliament boys.

"Prove it, lads," replies Mr. Herbert; "and, alternatively, if you are, let 's have a lottery in Westminster Hall and sell cocaine in the lobbies."

In the Dollardrums

THE dollar continues to fall, and Mr. Roosevelt's professors continue to vanish. The mystery is to find out where they vanish to. Prof. Moley, of course, went underground, but the others have so far not been traced.

Active Antipodeans

AUSTRALIA has sent another cable to the M.C.C., and a bird called a Frogmouth to the "Zoo." The frogmouth has a mouth so enormous that its corners almost meet at the back of its head, and it sleeps very soundly all day. You can see specimens on the benches at any first-class cricket match in the summer.

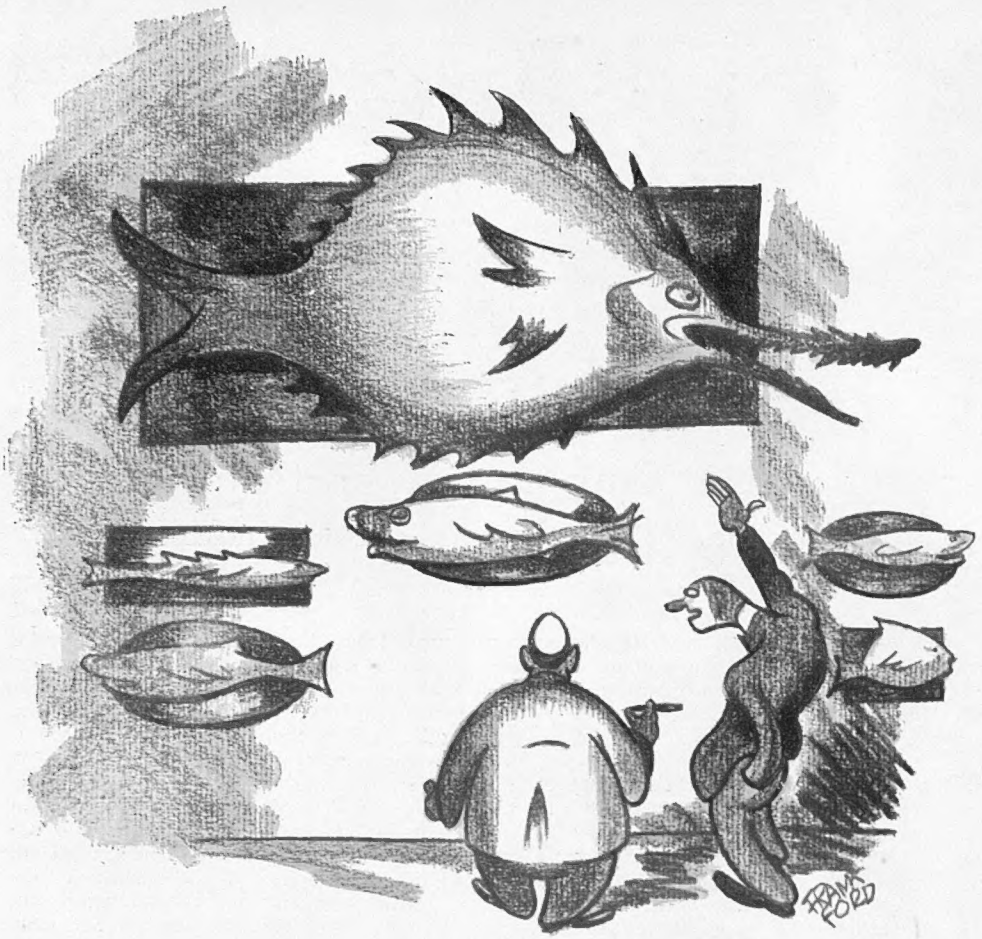
Gambling Intelligence

THE first prize in the great French National Lottery has gone, for the second time running, to Provence. A barber of Tarascon got it last time, and now it is a coal-merchant in Avignon. This is always the way with these big lotteries and sweepstakes. For many years the Calcutta Sweep was won either by Birmingham solicitors or Lascar cooks, and there was a steady drift of young men from the law offices of London towards the Midlands before President De Valera altered the fashion to Italian restaurant-keepers. Indeed, there was talk at one time of a cause célèbre (a French expression generally used of matrimonial difficulties, but used by us quite nicely, of course) in which the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce was to sue De Valera, on behalf of its solicitors, for Loss of Sweepstake Prizes. Meanwhile, Avignon is mourning the loss of one of its most eminent coal-merchants, for no sooner did the little man hear of his good fortune than he locked up his shop and departed, just like Roosevelt's Brain Boys, for some unknown destination.

"I've got to get into this by 8.30 to-night"

Hang the Expenses

SENSATION after sensation in the sporting world. The International Lawn Tennis Federation has proposed that amateurs should be paid their expenses when playing in tournaments. Just imagine such a thing! And just imagine the indignation with which every amateur will turn down this dastardly proposal. We can see them doing it—a glow of nobility suffusing their sensitive faces, a suspicion of a halo encircling their heads, and just a suggestion of a distant orchestra rendering "Play up, play up, and play the game." Black out. Dissolve through to amateur declining a lift in a friend's motor-car for fear of endangering his status by accepting free transport. Dissolve through to close-up of Mr. R. Kipling. Eton Boating Song. The other sensation



"That's the one I got away from"

in the world of sport is that American professional golfers are starting on a crusade to clean up the game by stamping out the use of bad language on the golf-course and in the locker-room. Strange things do seem to be happening in that great country. They seem to be going all idealistic or something.

No Poaching

We went down to Brighton the other night for dinner, but we won't say anything more about that, because we don't want to trespass upon our colleague who does the page about the Stockbrokers.

Comparison

The flat-racing season has come to an end, and not a moment too soon. We were getting extremely tired of reading about the number of horses which had been ridden to victory by a jockey whose name escapes us for the moment. Anyway, the point of it was that he rode, apparently, more winners in one season than the number of first-nights attended in one season by the famous dramatic critic, the late William Archer.

Anonymity Revealed

Miss Cathleen Mann, the portrait-painter who so often figures in the pages of The Bystander under her pseudonym of the Marchioness of Queensberry, has blown the gaff upon a famous mystery. For she has painted a portrait, and exhibited it at the Royal Society of Portrait-Painters' Exhibition, of "Beachcomber," the most celebrated of all the professional funny men in modern journalism. He turns out to be a Mr. J. B. Morton, who has written a serious history book about a Polish king in which not one single vestige of a joke occurs. This is a pretty considerable feat for a man of his irrepressible sense of the ridiculous. Meanwhile, in the Princes Gallery, where the portrait is on view, you can hear, above the roar of the Piccadilly traffic, above the snapping of lorgnettes, even above the shrill screams of the art-critics, the steady sound of many voices saying to each other, "I can't understand how he keeps it up."

Aldogether "Poys"

We understand that the big film of the moment is called *The Wandering Süss*, or some such name. Anyway, the high-spot of the affair, according to our informant, is when a chorus of sixty thousand fans sing "Veidt the Good Veidt."

Here We Are Again!

How swiftly the seasons recur, and Christmas comes round again, and so on and so on. But nothing ever brings home to us so forcibly the flight of time as the sudden realisation that the Windsor Strollers

"Edith, will you take that smile off your face?"

are with us once more. It seems but a month or two since Mr. Ralph Alderson, and so many Crutchleys, and all the rest of them, were strolling, presumably, in Windsor Great Park, and then, presto! here they are again, and we realise that Christmas is upon us. The Strollers are right at the top of the Amateur Theatrical Tree; anyone who wishes to read a superbly amusing description of an amateur performance at the other end of the Tree, should read Mr. Peter Fleming's *Variety*.

Missed, Damn It!

THE motorists' bag for the first nine months of the year has just been published, and part of it makes very creditable reading. The total kill was 2344 brace, an advance of 187 brace over the corresponding period of the year before. This shows that motorists are fully maintaining—indeed, increasing—their reputation as sportsmen. But we are seriously concerned with the continued rise in the figures of pedestrians who are winged and allowed to get away. To let no fewer than 75,693 brace of them escape after being hit is slipshod work. It is good news that certain motoring circles are experimenting with the breeding of a dog that is to be a cross between a bloodhound and an Alsatian. Its duty will be to pursue the wounded quarry and drag it back by main force to the main road, where it can be despatched quickly and efficiently. In the meanwhile, if the present gratifying progress can be maintained for the remaining three months of the year, the total bag will be not far short of the number of British soldiers who were killed in the three years of the Boer War.

"Surround that Fort!"

The Fall of the——

THE French Government has fallen this week, of course. We are asking the Editor to keep this sentence set up in type for a few months.

Town and Country Improvements

TWO admirable schemes for the improvement of this our England have just been put forward by those in authority who are always working out ideas for our betterment. The first of these schemes is designed to abolish the silence, the loneliness, and the pastoral landscape, which have been for so long the curse of the South Downs. All this is to be done away with, by the construction of a beautiful "Super Motor-Racing Track," enclosed in a lovely fence, 6 feet high, and covering 450 acres. This delightful track will be 4½ miles long and 30 feet wide, and there will be accommodation for at least half-a-million spectators. The promoters of scheme announce that the harmony of the surroundings will be preserved, because all the new buildings will be "typical Sussex cottages with thatched roofs." What fun it will be to sit in Ye Olde Tudor Grande Stande and watch the giant cars go roaring past, and see the fumes from the exhausts go curling up into the sky, and smell the delicious smell of petrol where formerly the only scents were the ridiculous wild flowers. We'll teach the larks to try any of their singing nonsense on the South Downs.

The other scheme for improving the amenities is the proposal to bring trolley buses into Bedford Square,

"Not one of the Leicestershire Beddingworths?"

Bloomsbury. The importance of this lies in the fact that Bedford Square is the last of the London squares that remains untouched. It is the only perfect example of the eighteenth-century square remaining. The introduction of the trolley bus (whatever, in the sacred name of Progress, a trolley bus is) is the thin end of the wedge. The next step will be the housebreaker, and Bedford Square will go the way of all the rest. The new monstrosity in St. James's Square, the B.B.C. building in Portland Place, and the loathly horror in Carlton Gardens are examples of what can be done.

Stepping on the Peel

HURRAH! The Hunt Balls have come round again, and we are looking forward to a busy winter, dancing that elegant old dance, the Galop, to the strains of "John Peel," enlivening many a ball-room with cries of "Hark Forrard!" "Tantivy!" and "Yoicks!" and appearing in the illustrated papers with faces like large slabs of cod-fish. For those three are the main points of the Hunt Ball.

THESPÆANS

No. 10.—Mr. Charles Laughton

MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON is
not an Adonis
With features of classical grace,
In fact, his appearance, he 'll readily
own, is
Quite likely to look out of place
If ever we see him parading before us
In the ranks of a musical-comedy
chorus.

Mr. Charles Laughton 's no Ivor
Novello,
His figure 's not dapper and trim,
But from all that I 've heard of this
clever young fellow,
Such things do not matter to him,
For though he is versatile in the
extreme, he
Does not care for a part that is soul-
fully dreamy.

Mr. Charles Laughton is equally clever
When working on stage or on set,
And those who are film fans, I 'm
certain, will never
Have cause to regret or forget
Having seen him appear as that
somewhat insuffer-
able Bluff Hal who soon turned out
a bluffer.

In drama or farce, as a villain or
hero,
He 's always supreme in his art;
As murdering bank clerk or murderous
Nero
He gets a sure grip on each part.
And as that 's the case, you 'll declare
he 's a credit
To Stage and to Talkies alike?—Boy,
you 've said it! B. W.

"Hullo! Tumbled over?"

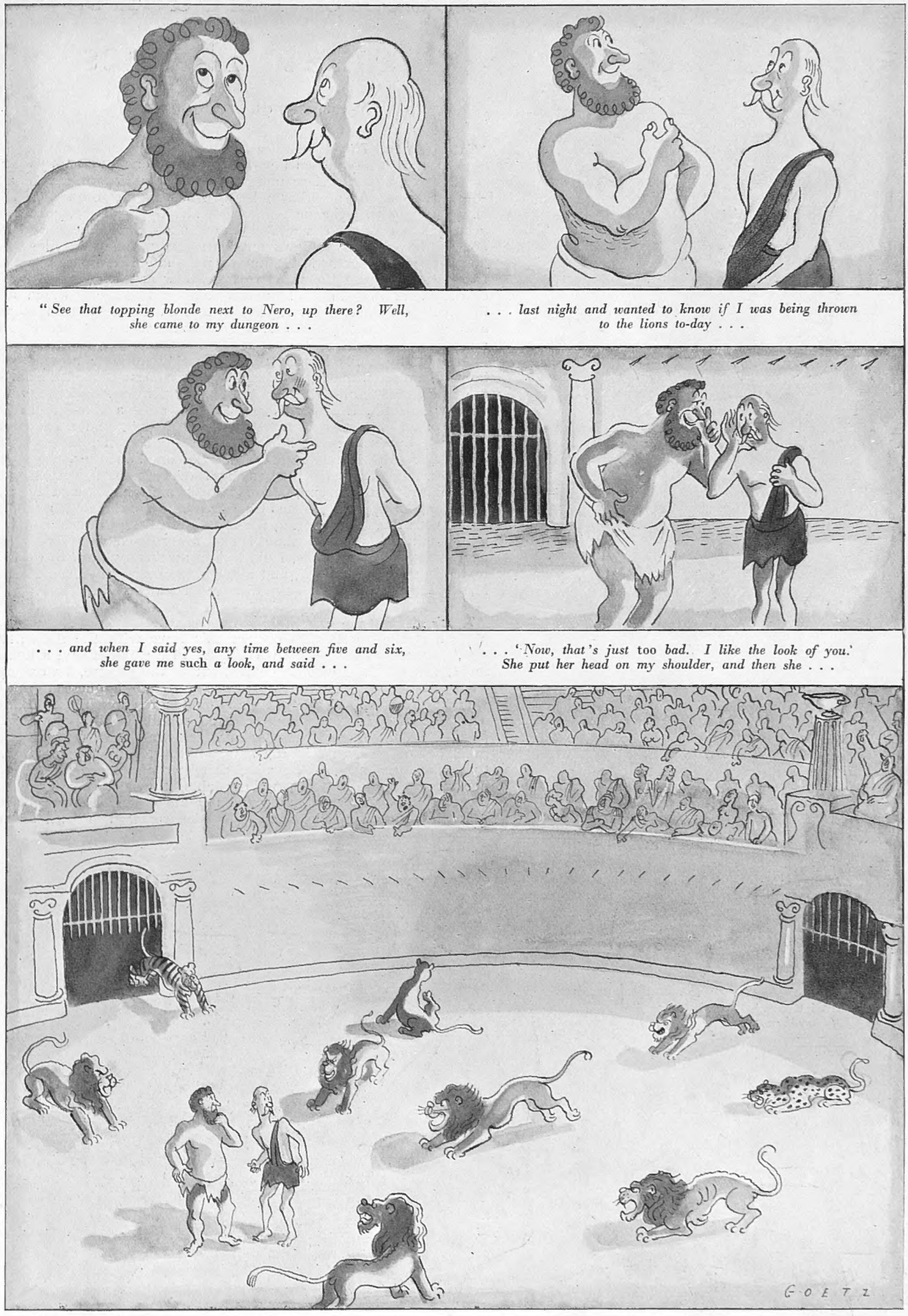
Simply Wonderful News

WHAT a world we live in. Glance with us along the headlines of any penny daily newspaper. (It doesn't matter which; they are all exactly the same.) Here is a scientist appealing for snakes. He wants 5000 really nasty, poisonous snakes. When he has got them, he is going to put them on a farm and make them very, very cross. They will then shoot off poison which the scientist is going to catch somehow in a wine-glass, and use for curing cancer, or not curing cancer, as the case may be. Next to the venomous scientist there is a statement to the effect that London is sinking steadily into the mud. The only song "London 's Burning," will have to be re-written. Then it appears in another paragraph that Miss Jenny Dolly is being overwhelmed by letters from people who are prepared to go to any length in order to save her soul. "I appreciate their motives," says Miss Dolly, "and I wish to thank them all." An American expert is being called in, says another headline, to rescue the British oyster trade from ruin. It seems that he can breed oysters artificially, or make synthetic oysters, or something. What a world! Gangsters have discovered a method of skin-grafting which defeats the finger-print specialists. There seems to be no end to the different varieties of graft which that enlightened continent can invent.

A new law has been passed in Germany by which herbalists, nature-healers, and, presumably, witchcraft-practitioners, are to be admitted as fully qualified doctors. And, most fearful and terrible of all the announcements, is the splash-headline announcing the tidings that television is so far advanced that very soon every house may have its own "talkies" by simply pressing a switch. What a hideous prospect. As if the thing was not bad enough in their own fantastic palaces. It reminds us of Mr Bevan Wyndham Lewis's immortal remark: "The Eiffel Tower was once a pleasure-resort, but is now a wireless station."

That will be all this week, pretty ones.

THE BYSTANDERS.



"See that topping blonde next to Nero, up there? Well, she came to my dungeon . . .

. . . last night and wanted to know if I was being thrown to the lions to-day . . .

. . . and when I said yes, any time between five and six, she gave me such a look, and said . . .

. . . 'Now, that's just too bad. I like the look of you.' She put her head on my shoulder, and then she . . .

Hell! Here come those blasted lions."

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Sketches by Rouson

"Cabbages and Kings" (Ambassadors)

BEING a bit of a sentimentalist (albeit one of the anti-pixie party, and therefore not prone to get all warm-hearted and wet-eyed over whimsy, however mellow or fragrant), I 'm always ready to welcome actors like Mr. Cyril Maude, year after year, just as long as they feel like a come-back. To be a white-headed boy is an achievement carrying peculiar privileges of homage and respect. Mr. Maude's jolly laugh and direct attack come straight from the heart and shoulder and will give a legion of playgoers that kind of mental sun-ray treatment which acts like balm on simple hearts. My own, I 'm afraid, judged by the after-glow of *Cabbages and Kings*, is some way past prayer and massage.

Adapted by Emile Littler from the Italian of Forzano, this is a homely, unpretentious story of an old priest who is summoned from his mountain peasants to wear a Cardinal's hat, by a long-lost nephew who is now the Emperor Napoleon. There is a side-line, in the shape of an elopement between his god-daughter and a handsome corporal, but the piece is mainly rural, domestic, and warmly autumnal. Mr. Maude rambles breezily on about the vintage, the Angelus, and Bianca, the hen, and everything is very mellow and sunny. At the end, Mr. Maude, hen in hand, said he was Carolean, as opposed to neo-Georgian, but nevertheless glad, for once in his life, to be getting the bird. With the Christmas season approaching, it's surely time I had my rose-coloured spectacles overhauled. All the same, I did feel an awakening glow of interest in the ingenue's long hair, and eager innocence. In Aileen Marson Mr. Sydney Carroll may have discovered another Victoria Hopper.

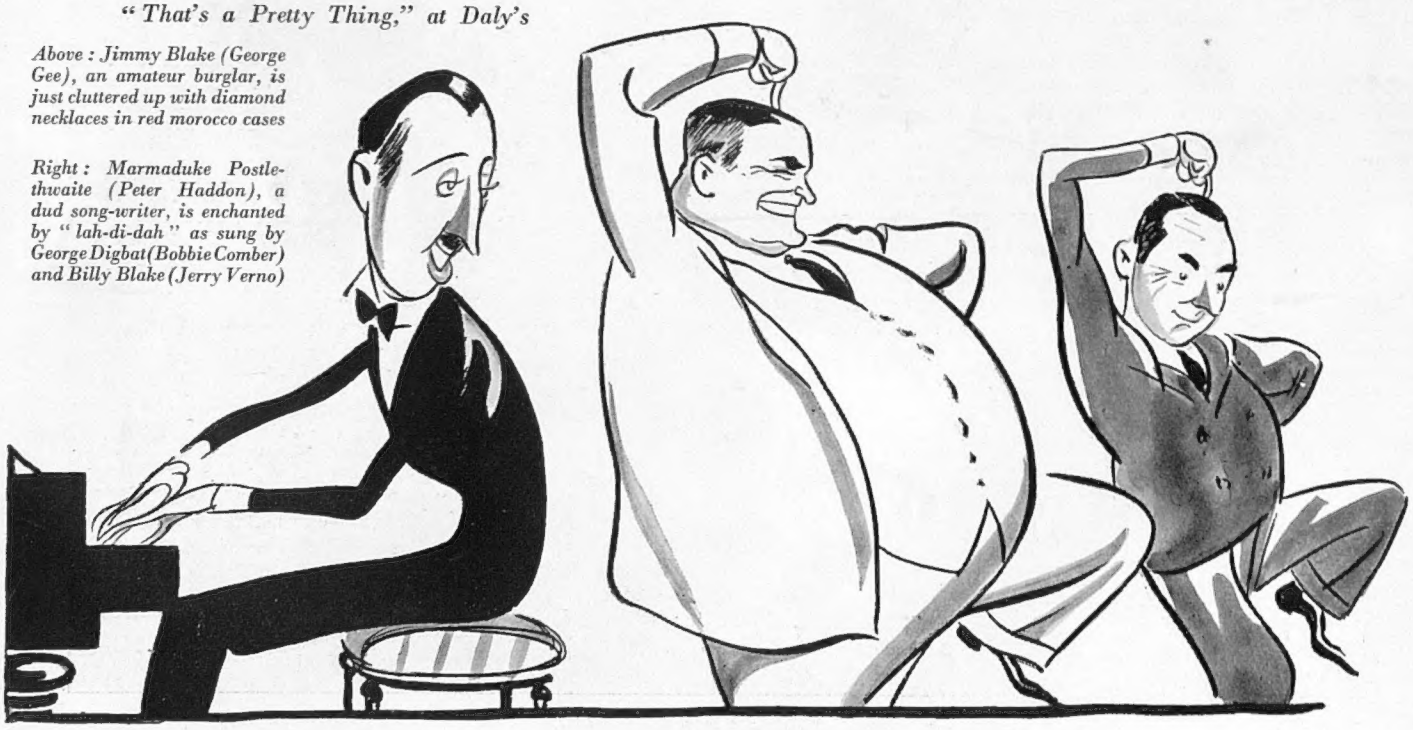
"That's A Pretty Thing" (Daly's)

WHEN the butler who opened this farce with the housemaid remarked that every play began with a butler and a housemaid, and that was why he never went to the theatre, I wondered what Stanley Lupino, author, was up to. I guessed things wouldn't remain long on that plane, and, sure enough, they didn't. The rest of a hectic evening centred round half-a-dozen scarlet jewel-cases and one of those safes which are situated, for safety's sake, behind a picture in the lounge-hall. Everybody, from the tough business-man, whose wife, daughter and niece needed the necklace as a pledge for gambling debts, to the butler, knew the combination. As soon as somebody stole one case purporting to be the genuine article, somebody else replaced it with one or

"That's a Pretty Thing," at Daly's

Above : Jimmy Blake (George Gee), an amateur burglar, is just cluttered up with diamond necklaces in red morocco cases

Right : Marmaduke Postlethwaite (Peter Haddon), a dud song-writer, is enchanted by "lah-di-dah" as sung by George Digbat (Bobbie Comber) and Billy Blake (Jerry Verno)



"Acropolis," at the Lyric

An Athenian fragment to be found at the Lyric. Gladys Cooper as Aspasia, a daughter of joy, and Raymond Massey as Kleon, a gentleman who disdains disarmament conferences. On the right, Pheidias (Ian Hunter) demonstrates how an artist finished a day's work in those good old days

more facsimiles. Only the fiendish ingenuity of the author and the untiring antics of George Gee and Jerry Verno kept this joke intact for those who like this kind of routine.

Comedians are queer cattle. If they don't happen to amuse you—and no law of logic operates in buffoonery—your dismal fate is to play the silent skeleton at the feast of mirth. Discovering, to my loss and sorrow, few answering chords in the key of Gee, I found sanctuary in the good offices of Sara Allgood, Bobbie Comber, Peter Haddon, and Noel Gay. Mr. Haddon, under the cares of management, achieves the maximum of vacuity in the smallest of parts, and Mr. Gay's tunes (especially the one which starts off like "Drink, Puppy, Drink," and ends up with "Lah-di-dah-di-dah") are the essence of infectious tunefulness.

"Acropolis" (Lyric)

Gladys Cooper, Raymond Massey, Ian Hunter, Denys Blakelock, Eliot Makeham—these names make news for the connoisseur who remembers *The Road to Rome*. In that sparkling blend of history and satire, R. E. Sherwood put Hannibal and his elephants through the hoop and made the campaigns of Cæsar sound like the best Lonsdale. The road to the *Acropolis* is paved with sterner stones. Aside from young Aristophanes, whose bubbling wit Denys Blakelock uncorks to perfection, and the dry and sapient Anaxagoras, beautifully played by Eliot Makeham, the talkers are more concerned with philosophic parallel than theatrical effectiveness.

Men's destiny, says Pheidias, enriching his Parthenon with gold and marble at the citizens' expense, is written in Beauty. Hyperbolus, leader of the war party, answers for history whose pen is dipped not in Beauty but in blood. Of what avail are the æsthete's statues against the war-trained manhood of Sparta?

The spark of comparison jumps the gap between Pericles and Hitler, and minutes, not centuries, divide Salamis from Jutland. To which shall we give heed, the coo of the peace dove, or the clang of the armament factories? A wider Culture or a bigger Navy?

Wrapped in a philosophic literary pill, innocent of propaganda and pseudo-antique language, Mr. Sherwood's parallel is not drawn too insistently. There is an eloquent trial scene and a moving end for Pheidias in his cell. Yet the whole effect is to leave one in a thoughtful daze, brooding uneasily upon Destiny's full circle and not quite satisfied with a play that is two-thirds debate. Raymond Massey is stern and intense as the demagogue Kleon, and Ian Hunter's finely spoken Pheidias is a heroic unveiling of the artist's soul. Gladys Cooper, as the notorious Aspasia, can do little more than face life with chilly resignation and classic repose. TRINCULO

"Cabbages and Kings," at the Ambassadors

Cyril Maude as Don Geronimo, the old village priest whose relationship to Napoleon brings him fame —and unhappiness—in a night

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

"Berkeley Square"

THIS film has not been hailed with any particular enthusiasm, in spite of the fact that Leslie Howard plays Peter Standish, the twentieth-century American who steps back into the eighteenth-century shoes of his ancestor and is involved in a timeless love-affair with the young sister of the girl his predecessor married. But this is a delightful picture, a faithful reproduction of London's social life in the past and a sincere attempt to capture the curiously moving, semi-mystic, semi-psychological love-story. It will build up its own popularity.

Leslie Howard, with his distinction of manner, his rather vague good looks and independence of make-up, some indescribable suggestion of incorruptibility, and his apparent naturalness, which is the apogee of the actor's art, has a way of endearing his impersonations to his audiences, although native reticence makes the public exposition of emotion repugnant to him. As Peter Standish he is delightful and looks so young that it is incredible that he has a grown-up son, already a prospective histrionic heir.

Heather Angel, as the young girl who alone understands the strange ghost-from-the-future and his, to her contemporaries, satanic prophecies and insulting comments on their ways and lack of sanitation, is sweet and earnest, but does not quite capture the visionary, almost unearthly, suggestion of Jean Forbes Robertson's interpretation on the stage. Irene Browne, as the Lady Anne, is superlatively good, and Valerie Taylor, as Kate, is particularly satisfying in the denunciatory passages.

"You Made Me Love You"

IF you find Stanley Lupino funny, *You Made Me Love You* is riotous entertainment. Personally, I think this little actor is one of our best buffoons, and in this picture his spontaneous liveliness of movement, grimace, and gesture never flags. He is the life and soul of every farcical situation, and can imbue with humour lines which are not essentially funny.

You Made Me Love You is a modern version of *The Taming of the Shrew*, with the blonde American, Thelma Todd, as the energetic termagant. Her prettiness is of such doll-like quality that one has the impression that she has just been wound up to the pitch of delirious destruction required of her in the film. But unreality is the keynote of this amusing farce, a fact of which James Carew and John Loder seem painfully aware. There is quite a good theme song, sufficiently tuneful and unoriginal to be easily memorised.

"Brief Moment"

IN this film Gene Raymond makes another screen matrimonial experiment—with Carole Lombard instead of Fay Ray. This time he is what they call a "play-boy," son of a millionaire, who marries, against his family's wishes, a cabaret girl. Instead of cutting him off with a dime, they continue to allow him 4000 dollars a month, to the indignation of his wife, who wants him to work and tells him so, tearfully and continuously. Like all ex-cabaret girls (sic!), she just hates parties! Finally, she leaves him, because he will go to the races instead of proving his worth as a minor ledger-clerk. Then he realises that he cannot live without her, so he gets a job, brings her his first "pay check" and she forgives him. There is realism for you! Gene Raymond manfully pretends that it is all true, and Carole Lombard has mastered the difficult art of crying continuously without spoiling her make-up. The title is inexplicable, for there is no particular "moment" in the film, and no brevity in its oft-repeated argument.

"Spione am Werk"

BRIGITTE HELM streaked like a brilliant meteor across the filmic heavens when she appeared, at seventeen, in *Metropolis*. There was portent and promise in her strange, slant-eyed, wild, if not wicked, beauty. It is sad that she has grown up into a rather large and ungainly woman. A meaningless stare, a striding gait and an unlovely bare back are her chief contributions to *Spione am Werk* (*Spies at Work*), a capably constructed and excellently photographed German melodrama, at the Cinema House. The expedients of spies on the screen are so naïve that it is not surprising that the hero's manœuvres and identity are successively detected, but this gives repeated opportunities for thrilling escapes.

Stanley Lupino pays back his termagant partner, Thelma Todd, in her own temperamental coin in the farcical "You Made Me Love You," which started its run at the Plaza last week

Below: Gene Raymond as the pampered "playboy" and Carole Lombard as his ex-cabaret-girl wife, who succeeds, during the course of "Brief Moment," in persuading him that a little work is better than all play

Above: Leslie Howard as Peter Standish and Heather Angel as Helen Pettigrew, in "Berkeley Square," which is at the Marble Arch Pavilion

Right: Brigitte Helm is the star of the German spy story, "Spione am Werk," which is running at the Cinema House

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 27. Michael Arlen

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

IF you address Michael Arlen as "Dikran," it means you knew him in the old days. Before he changed his name by deed-poll, in 1921, it was Dikran Kouyoumdjian. If you don't believe that such a name could exist, you can find it in the preface of his first book, *London Venture*, in one of his short stories, and in the dedication of *Man's Mortality*. The author of *The Green Hat* complains that flashlight photographs sometimes make him look like a cross between Adolphe Menjou and Charles Chaplin. Well, you can see what Sirra makes of him.

In his thirty-seven years he has introduced backless white waistcoats to America and a number of phrases, like "Let's face it," "Sick-making," and "What could be fairer than that?" to Mayfair. At the moment, he is trying to write a novel of which he will not be ashamed when he is fifty. As a man, and also as an author, he is a provocative study. He is sleek, sensitive, with waving hair and waving hands, extremely hard-working, a mixture of occasional conceit and a curious humility.

MICHAEL ARLEN is a good example of what it means to have the courage of your reactions. After a preparatory school education at Didsbury and two years at Malvern College, with holidays in Southport, Michael Arlen thought about being a lawyer. He soon changed his mind. Then he studied medicine for six months in Edinburgh. Again he changed his mind. His father told him to come into the family business in Manchester. He refused. He was offered the alternative of thirty shillings a week. He took it and came to London. At first he lived in Kensington—bed and breakfast 13s. 6d. a week. Sandwiches in public-houses in Piccadilly served for his lunch. He had not learnt of the credit system in London restaurants. So it was not until later that he went to Stulik's Eiffel Tower. All the time he was writing. To teach himself the art of story-telling, he would go to the cinema twice a week and then go home and write out the film into a short story.

His English was still bad. They had only taught him Latin and Greek at Malvern. But sometimes a highbrow weekly would publish articles by him on Near Eastern politics. Michael Arlen was always very conscious of his Armenian blood.

I suppose that *These Charming People* was the turning-point in his career as a best-seller. To-day, his home is on the Riviera. He has a lovely wife—an Athenian, with the delicious name of Atalanta—two children, and a well-trained publisher.

By the way, Richard Arlen is no relation. He asked Michael's permission, as an extra in Hollywood, to borrow the synthetic surname. Michael could not refuse. It seems to have been lucky for Richard too. His real name is Williamson, or something.

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

Frank Millnes
"The Policeman"

An animal in the Stock Exchange menagerie that gets less publicity than the more popular species—bulls, bears, and stags—is the rat. He is the man who, having bought some stock as a gamble, comes along on a flat day and hurriedly sells out as best he can, having taken alarm. Always numerous, of late these creatures have appeared with monotonous frequency. Far more sensational was the glimpse caught the other day of one of their four-legged namesakes. Yes, indeed; a real, live rat scurried across the floor of the House.

How many people know that Throgmorton Street used to be called Pig Street? This was because, away back in the fourteenth century, the pigs kept by the monks of St. Anthony's Hospital made Throgmorton Street and its neighbourhood their playground. And there was once a member in the House who was known as "The Pig," but he left a year or two ago.

It is just about four years since the Committee, for some reason or other, got the idea that "Honk-Honk" was dead, and his name was removed from the address-books in the waiters' stands. News of his death did not reach this victim of rumour until he went to find out why his dividend had not been paid to him. After which, as far as the House was concerned, he became officially alive again. W. G. ("The Pirate") Morgan commemorated this curious incident by writing the following verse, which appeared in the Christmas Annual of the year (the author has given us permission to reproduce it here):—

Poor "Honk-Honk" Smith has passed away,
The powers upstairs have said it;
But still he walks about the House,
Which is greatly to his credit.

They say that dead men tell no tales,
But this one has elected
To tell his friends, who thought him dead,
That now he's resurrected.

"Honk-Honk" is much better known by his nickname than by his real one, which is Sydney Smith; in fact, one of his friends knew him for about ten years in the House without being consciously aware of what his real name was. We understand that he got his nickname because some of his friends heard that he had bought a car. This was some years ago, but not long enough ago to make such a purchase remarkable. But that's typical of the way in which nicknames are bestowed—in much the same way, we imagine, as a man used to collect a surname to hand on to his sons.

Sydney Smith
"Honk-Honk"

The reason why Frank Millnes is known as "The Policeman" is more obvious. Briefly, he looks like one; he is large, broad-backed, and his feet are in proportion. He also has a terrific punch. The only other thing we know about this "burly bobby" is that he plays golf in his spare time.

Some time during the next year, Valentine Baker becomes a father of the House. He is a typical member of the old school, very soigné in appearance, and he wears a big wing collar and bow tie. In his youth he was one of the penny-farthing experts; he was a member of the well-known "Druids" team, which had an unbroken record of wins during one season, and of the team which covered twenty miles in just over the hour, which was a great speed in those days. He was a very early car-owner (but didn't get a nickname for it, as far as we know); he became a motorist as early as 1901. We should like to know if, and how, he used to get up the Hill to see his son, who was then a schoolboy at Harrow.

We were sorry to hear of Ralph Delmé-Radcliffe's taxi accident; luckily, he was not badly hurt, and is now getting on well. He is as immaculately dressed as anyone in the House, and extremely good-looking. Racing and shooting are his spare-time occupations; he is a very keen shot, and has a good shoot of his own. He lives down in Hertfordshire.

We were amused by being given two versions of last week's story, one by a broker and one by a jobber. The story runs that a broker went up to a jobber, and proceeded to buy five hundred rubbish shares; he asked if he could pay cash for them. "And why so?" asked the jobber. "Only a precaution," replied the broker. "I want to be sure the transfer is certified before my client." This is the broker's version; the jobber's story starts the same way, but then he relates that the jobber in the tale asked the broker to pay cash for the shares. When the broker asked why, he answered: "Because I want to get them certified before you are."

Valentine Baker
A member since 1884

Musical Faces

At the Aeolus Concert at Londonderry House

The Countess of Oxford and Asquith talking to Princess Hohenlohe at the Aeolus Concert, at which Horowitz played. This was the second concert of the series, which are organised by Miss Olga Lynn

Above : Lady Juliet Duff and Miss Angela Dudley Ward. She and her sister, Penelope, are both fairly regular concert-goers

Above : the Hon. Mrs. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon and Lady Fermoy at Londonderry House, where the second concert of the series was held

Below are Mr. and Mrs. Leander McCormick. She was the Comtesse de Fleuriau, and married Mr. McCormick last summer

Mrs. Redmond McGrath and Miss Pamela Kingsmill went to the concert together ; they are talking to Mme. Alanova, who was wearing a long spray of arum-lilies as the only decoration on her close-fitting velvet dress

Miss Keith Fraser and her mother, Mrs. Harry Graham, who is the wife of Captain Harry Graham, the well-known playwright and lyric-writer

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Peter Fleming

The author of "Variety," a collection of essays and sketches, just published by Jonathan Cape. His last book, "Brazilian Adventure," was one of the successes of the spring

"Variety"—and More Variety

By A. G. Macdonell

Mr. Peter Fleming is quite one of the wittiest writers of the day. His *Brazilian Adventure* delighted many thousands with its brilliant "debunking" of the explorer and his pompous idiosyncrasies. Now he has produced a book of essays, called *Variety* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), which is sheer, concentrated wit and nonsense. Mr. Fleming is a versatile traveller in that he appears to be equally at home in the jungle and the desert, and he is a versatile wag in that he can move with ease from polished irony to epigram and from epigram to boisterous "Beachcomber" nonsense. These essays, which are mostly reprinted from the *Spectator*, vary in length from four pages to four lines, and deal with a remarkable range of subjects. There are sixty-five of them altogether. Mr. Fleming tells us about the theft of his beloved, second-hand typewriter, which was "so clearly past the prime of life that its purchase seemed rather an act of kindness than a commercial transaction"; he advises on how to deal with pheasants which invade the house; he describes, with devastating accuracy, the horrors of travelling on a liner, and appeals for a Civil Tattoo instead of the incessant Military Tattoos. In a Civil Tattoo, says Mr. Fleming, the humour could safely be left to the Post Office, "a dramatisation of whose activities would almost certainly be laughable." Burglar-alarms, the roundness of the earth, the 842 pages of the *Post Office Guide*, water-diviners, the irresistible charm and lure of old newspapers, and many another subject are discussed by Mr. Fleming, and he winds up with five travel sketches and what he himself describes as "one of those tiresome short stories about Central America." In an essay on the trans-Siberian express he says, of the two conductors in the sleeping-car, "One was a Lett; the other, by virtue of his insatiable curiosity about English education, a hindrance. Both of them want to go to America, poor dears." But I could go on quoting Mr. Fleming for pages. *Variety* is a really witty book.

At the end of the last hunting season, Mr. Gilbert Holiday came down at a big jump, and his horse rolled on him, injuring him so severely that he will be in bed for a very long time. Quite undaunted by this terrible misfortune, Mr. Holiday has been working away, and the fruits of his great courage have just been published. *We 'll All Go a-Hunting To-day* (The Sporting Gallery and Medici Society; 3*s.* 6*d.*) is a book of black-and-white drawings, illustrating in a subtle and masterly fashion the strange spirit which underlies that strange and enigmatical pastime. In Mr. Holiday's drawings you can almost feel the cold mist of the early morning when cubbing is in progress, and the scent of dank, autumnal leaves, and can almost hear the drip of the rain-drops in the ferns. Everyone who is keen upon fox-hunting should buy Mr. Holiday's book.

Mr. George Dilnot, in "The Real Detective" (Geoffrey Bles; 10*s.* 6*d.*), carries on with that popular pastime of these days, the glorification of Scotland Yard. The pendulum has swung all the way over from the days of Lestrade and Gregson, and the fashion is to praise the Yard up to the skies as the embodiment of efficiency and organisation, with humanitarianism thrown in as well. This new trend probably does the Yard more harm than the old, for our detectives are not infallible and, being mostly promoted policemen, are not especially talented or learned. All that Mr. Dilnot proves is that they are very painstaking, and his heavy sarcasm at the expense of the Royal Commission which laid down the rules for examination of suspects, is dull and pointless. And what a remarkable statement this is: "Raffles, who was less subtle, openly smoked cigarettes, and he came to a bad end." Really, Mr. Dilnot! The immortal A. J. was killed when fighting for his country in the Boer War, and you call that "coming to a bad end."

For a long time the column in the *Week-End Review* called "This England" has been a source of great joy to many. Now Mr. Gerald Barry, the Editor, has collected them into a book with the same title (Bles; 6*s.*). It consists of specimens of unconscious humour, extracted from newspapers and speeches, and the collection is a fascinating one. It contains, I think, more concentrated inanity, stupidity and nonsense than any other book I have ever come across. I read it from end to end in a state of complete fascination. For example, an eminent barrister really did ask a jury not to be prejudiced because the defendant was a poet; a town councillor really did say that he didn't know where they would end if they had greater liberties in Rhyl; a General, at a police court, really did maintain that a woman in court without a hat was an offence against God and the Law; and a certain journal published a poster on which was printed: "Was the Fall of the Gold Standard prophesied by Daniel?" This is an entrancing book, and first prize is awarded to the most august of all papers, the "Thunderer" itself, which printed, "Religious services will be resumed in Princetown Prison to-morrow, but only the good conduct men are to be permitted to attend."

"Potted Char" (Methuen; 6*s.*) is a selection of the humorous drawings of Mr. George Belcher. Mr. Belcher's work is so famous that it needs no praise. But I do wish he would divert his great talents to the illustration of another type of joke. He has played out the Malapropian entirely. There isn't really anything inherently funny in the words, "Another word outen you, me lad, an' you 'll wake up to find yerself on a cold slab in the moratorium."

Some of the letters of Mr. Asquith—Lord Oxford and Asquith, I suppose, is what I ought to write, but it was never an easy habit to get into—are being edited, and the first series—*H.H.A.* (Bles; 10*s.* 6*d.*) has a preface by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy. This first series begins in 1915, when Mr. Asquith was bearing the burden of the war, and are carried down to March 1922. The more one reads about Mr. Asquith, whether written by himself or by others, the more strongly does his essential Bigness loom over everything else. He was a monumental figure, unassailable by anything petty or mean. He was always just, and always serene, and always forbearing. These letters are all addressed to the same person, a woman, whose friendship was "a source of refreshment, rest, and delight to him." The veteran statesman obviously took an intense pleasure in teaching her to love the books that he loved, to learn by heart his favourite poems, to learn Greek—"I can picture you with a wet towel round your brow and a pair of rimmed spectacles on your nose, grappling in the twilight with the problems of what the Germans call Aesthetik."

"Why do you always insist on that particular brand of Whisky?"
"Because I believe in getting the best, and the best is

DEWAR'S

THE FAMOUS "White Label" IS A MOST ZEST-GIVING BEVERAGE AT MEALS

"'Piggy-Wiggy Capers'?—You're asking a lot of me, Mrs. Carruthers"

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

Mr. Herbert Williams

Electricity, hotels and restaurants, methylated spirits, the House of Lords, sweated goods—he puts his name to them all, to amend, prohibit or control

Last week we finished off the King's Speech, and after a nondescript Wednesday with Japanese cotton, settled down on the Thursday to the second reading of the Unemployment Insurance Bill, Sir Henry Betterton in charge. Friday was a Liberal by-day. One wonders sometimes what is the use of these Wednesdays and Fridays, which are Private Members' days. They do give a chance, of course, for a back-bencher to get an airing, and for some of the others to get a "night off," but there is a general belief they might be better employed.

Quite rightly, though, the Private Member will fight to the last before he gives up his privileges—he has few enough; and if, as always happens eventually, the Government snatch his Wednesdays and his Fridays away for their own business, they have to do it still with some show of apology and grace.

Such remarks are prompted by all the talk that is going about of reform of the House of Lords, and by the usual sessional ballot for Friday's Bills. They are an interesting indication of the diversity of Members' tastes. Nothing daunts Mr. Herbert Williams. Electricity, Hotels and Restaurants, Public Meetings, Methylated Spirits, the House of Lords, Sweated Goods, he puts his name to them all, to amend, prohibit or control. Matrimonial Causes and the Death Penalty apparently don't attract him. He leaves them alone.

Two Bills to reform the Lords show the way the wind is blowing, apart from the scheme Lord Salisbury is engaged on. But why not a House of Commons Reform Bill? The Peers might well recall to Messrs. Somerville, Templeton and Train, Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, Sir Vansittart Bowater, and Admiral Taylor, and to Messrs. Williams, Wise and Lyons the simple little proverb about dwellers in glass houses.

It is extraordinary how reform of the Commons has been so consistently and successfully shelved. Three-quarters of the present House regard it as desirable. Probably half the present House regard it as essential. But nothing is done, and no one feels called upon to take the initiative. The Government should do something, but at the moment they are all imbued with the belief that all 's for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

Lord Eustace Percy at one time seemed likely to wage a reformation. Mr. "Memorandum" Macmillan had ideas. He may expound them in his new book. Sir Stafford Cripps advanced some suggestions only a week or two ago in the *Spectator*. The Commons run into deliberate danger by neglecting an overhaul.

How much does the individual M.P. affect the prestige of Parliament? Cabinet Ministers quite a lot. The other day I saw a Cabinet Minister, suit-case in hand, frantically searching for a place on a crowded train. It was an undignified, distressingly embarrassing performance. I admire his desire for simplicity, but he owes it to his rank to keep up a certain standard which the country expects.

Nothing struck me more at the Opening of Parliament than the absolute disregard by the peers and their ladies of Mr. McGovern's outburst. They paid not the slightest attention. For them it and its author did not exist. They treated him as a spoilt child. The House of Commons too often forgets that dignity is admired, and that it is not pomposity, which it rightly dreads.

Miss Irene Ward

will have a hard job to keep the seat

The Insurance Bill will owe a good deal of its safe passage—troubled but safe it undoubtedly will be—to Sir Henry Betterton. As far as the public is concerned, he is an unknown quantity. I have seen him walking in Whitehall quite unnoticed, and the same at a county race meeting. When he was made Minister of Labour in 1931 it was a surprise to all but political circles, who recognised what a good No. 2 he had made to Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland. He is calm, courteous, and concise.

He started life as a barrister—he has a vaguely legal look about him—but he has been in the Commons since 1918. His father-in-law had, I believe, the unique experience of being a Member of Parliament and Governor of the Bank of England; though, perhaps, in the Crippsian future that will be nothing exceptional.

The New Year's Honours Lists are in process of preparation. Captain Eden is tipped for a Privy Councillorship, and I hear that a barony surprise is in store for us. There was some talk of Mr. Hannon becoming Sir Patrick, but this, so I 'm told, is not true. There are several M.P.'s who will be disappointed.

Lady Iveagh is said to be giving up Southend. She has not been the success inside the House that it was predicted she would be. Her best work was done in the constituencies. This has been the case with all the lady Members except, perhaps, Miss Bondfield. Though she, I hear, is working ceaselessly now up at Wallsend, and Miss Irene Ward will have a hard job to keep the seat.

And Mr. Hammersley is leaving Stockport, but not, I gather, politics. He will find another home elsewhere. I shouldn't be surprised if Bury took him in. Captain Ainsworth is not standing again. It is a safe seat—or may be considered so—and what Mr. Hammersley doesn't know about cotton isn't worth knowing. I can't believe he 'll follow the trend of industry and move south.

A Racing Reverie

A Record Dinner: By "Regular"

Mrs. Huntriss and Lady Lettice Cotterell, well booted and coated against the wintry weather which set all but the most hardy shivering at the Newbury Meeting

Steeplechasing at Newbury

Left: Miss Isobel Perry, Miss Mary Sherrard, and Miss Diana Gilbey at Newbury on the first day of the November Steeplechase Meeting

GORDON RICHARDS's dinner will be remembered by all who were lucky enough to attend as the most "slap-up" affair since "Jock" Whitney's Easter Hero party a few years ago. Champagne flowed in rivers, and one realised that only a very rich man could afford to beat Archer's record.

IT was a wonderful evening for the Champion, though by long practice he has learned exactly how these parties should be run. First you give your guests rather more to drink than they can comfortably hold, then you let them sing, and finally you let as many of them as possible make speeches.

BY these means you make everybody happy. The people who have made speeches are tickled to death with their own eloquence, while the few who haven't pat themselves on the back, thinking how much better they 'd have done it if they had only had the chance.

GORDON himself had made three speeches when I left at one o'clock. I can well believe he made several more later on. Anyhow, the party cannot have broken up till a very late hour, as George Duller had not sufficient time to change his clothes before going down to Newbury the following day, and arrived in his dinner jacket.

SIR WYNDHAM PORTAL, in his capacity of chairman, made a very good speech, and Gordon replied with a number of well-chosen words, in which he lamented the absence of his great friends Lord Glanely and Johnnie Dines.

SOMEONE displayed a marvellous sense of humour in arranging that Stanley Wootton should propose the health of the Press. He might have gone still further and suggested that Stanley should advocate the bidding for platers. It was like asking a Master of Foxhounds to make a speech in favour of the abolition of blood sports.

WOOTTON is a very able speaker, with a fine delivery, and every word he said could be heard by the three hundred-odd people present. I hope that next time I hear him speak it will be on a subject nearer his heart.

SIDNEY GALTRY, in replying for the Press, performed a difficult task with rare tact, and, much later in the evening, Joe Childs embarked on one of those long-distance efforts for which he is so justly famous.

IT was a wonderful tribute to Gordon that though, out of his huge number of guests, about a third of them disliked one another intensely, yet I did not hear one cross word spoken throughout the evening.

WHILE on the subject of rows, I have been inundated with requests for the "low-down" on the Beary-Wragg row in Manchester, though why old Uncle Regular should be expected to know beats me.

WELL, I don't know, as on the day it occurred I happened to be chasing the fox, and even if I did, I shouldn't be prepared to publish it. ("Uncle 's on his high horse to-day.") All I 'm prepared to say is that the little I know of the affair reflects the greatest credit on both the contestants.

IF two men have a real difference of opinion, surely the best way to settle it is to fight it out in private. The Beary-Wragg fight was no pot-house brawl, but was properly conducted, as these things should be. The only person who deserves our contempt is the Nosey Parker who made a sensational front-page story of it.

THE jumping season proper commenced at Birmingham, and was continued in piercingly cold weather at Newbury. I am not suggesting that jumping prior to the conclusion of flat-racing is improper, but it definitely has to play second fiddle.

THE opening race at Birmingham could hardly have had a more pleasing result, as it was won by that popular lady, Mrs. Aldridge, with her brown gelding, Paddy McGinty. Mrs. Aldridge has previously shown a preference for entire greys.

I HAVE seldom experienced anything like the cold at Newbury, and the only thing to do was to drink one cherry brandy after another (the bar having run out of sloe gin) and hope for the best.

NATURALLY, George Duller's evening clothes overshadowed the racing as a spectacle, but there was quite a lot to get excited about, and one had only to watch a huge field of novices charging at the first fence to realise what a lot of brave men there are about. I am not altogether sure that they were any braver than the punters who took 6 to 4 about Black Admiral, but in the latter case fortune favoured the brave as, ridden by Billy Speck, the good thing trotted up.

BOTH the hurdle races resulted in fine finishes and raised the hardy jumping boys and girls to a rare pitch of enthusiasm. It was great to be among the jumping girls again (the boys don't excite me half as much) and realise what real heartiness means.

IMPERVIOUS to the cold, and with a capacity for cherry brandy that would put a mere man to shame, they are a real credit to the noble families from which they spring. Clean, wholesome fun is their watchword, whether indoors or out. More power to your elbows, you jolly girls of the chase, and may your boy friends go hard and ride straight and be worthy of you in every way.

Trios in Theatreland

Comedy
Farce
Revue

"Afterwards," at the Whitehall

"Ladies' Night," at the Aldwych

"Please!" at the Savoy

Top, right: Gordon Harker, Marion Lorne and Ronald Squire, in a scene from "Afterwards," where the latter, as a conjuror, helped by his two assistants on the left, fakes a spiritualistic séance in a private house, with Marion Lorne as the medium, and the lady finds she really is one! Above: Austin Melford, Sydney Howard and Jack Hobbs extract humour from a Turkish bath, in "Ladies' Night"

Right: a scene from André Charlot's new revue, "Please!" at the Savoy, which brings back Beatrice Lillie to London. On the left is Frank Lawton, and on the right Lupino Lane in the concluding number, "Louisiana Hayride"

Looking at London . . .

Right: Mr. Hopkinson, Miss Diane Forbes-Robertson, the Earl of Newborough and Mr. Henry Russell at the party Princess Rospigliosi gave at the Café de la Paix, when M. Bruni took the place of a guest who was ill, so that the party shouldn't count up to thirteen

Swaebe

Dinner at the Café de la Paix

Below: Lady Charles Cavendish, who declared L'Apéritif, Quaglino's new caviare and oyster bar, well and truly open last week, and the Hon. Mrs. David Tennant

Oysters at L'Apéritif

Swaebe

Supper at the Monseigneur

Programme-Selling at a Matinée

Miss Sanchia Whitworth and the Hon. Elizabeth Petre were two of the programme-sellers at the matinée performance of "Mrs. Siddons" in aid of the Chelsea Depot of the Personal Service League

Sitting Out at a Charity Ball

Above: Mrs. Nancy Clifton, Mr. Jack Upson, Mrs. Betty Dawson, Mr. Noel Clifton, Miss Hadland and Mr. Algy Dawson all went to the Monseigneur one evening to dance and have supper

Left: Miss Martin, Mr. Kelly and the Hon. Lady Chichester at the Popular Ball and Cabaret, which was held at the Portman Rooms in support of the Invalid Children's Aid Association

Photographs by Houston Rogers

Miss Peta Davis

Above: *Miss Esther Grant*

Right: *Miss Primrose Salt*

Mayfair Cabaret Girls

For a Christmas Charity

MISS PETA DAVIS, Miss Esther Grant, Sir Hamilton and Lady Grant's daughter, and Miss Primrose Salt are three of the Mayfair young ladies who are going to appear in the Special Christmas Cabaret which Mrs. John Barnard is organising, to be given during this month at a London restaurant. Which restaurant it is has not yet been revealed, but the proceeds of the performance will go to the Crusade of Rescue to provide Christmas presents to poor children

• Going • Out • to • Goings-On

Left: Miss Dorothy Dickson dancing with Mr. Nicholas de Molas, the well-known artist, at the Café de Paris, on extension night

"The Bystander" in Society

HAGGISES were well on the wing on St. Andrew's Day, the largest covey alighting in the Savoy Hotel, where outlandish noises, kilts, and whisky were prominent in the evening. During the daytime there had been the usual exodus of Old Etonians, and others who look as though they might be also, to the old College to see the Wall Game. Of course, no goal was scored—neither side has scored one for four years; this made the oldest inhabitants shake their heads, and long for the good old 'nineties, in the days of Whitworth, Spencer Smith, Ogilvy, and Robin Lubbock. The reason why is far beyond me to tell you.

MOST people do not realise that carnations are still in season: any attempt to buy them in West End florists would cause this thought. However, at the Royal Horticultural Show, at Westminster, I was glad to note that Lady Emsley Carr won Lord Howard de Walden's challenge vase for six plants; I was also much taken with a new white bloom entitled "Chastity," which, I hear, will be all the rage in Mayfair.

THERE were several exits and farewells last week, which included touching scenes at Waterloo Station. Perhaps the most touching was that of the portly Viscount saying au revoir to his lovely Viscountess, en route to stay with Mrs. Harrison Williams at Palm Beach; I learn, though, that business is so active in New York that Mr. Williams may not open the house. The Viscount was out and about several hours earlier than usual (a nasty hour, nine a.m. at Waterloo), so was Gertrude Lawrence, who turned up quite unexpectedly to see off Douglas Fairbanks junior. Mr. and Lady Honor Channon added another touch of the Peerage, as did Lady Diana Cooper.

IT is nice to know that our county families are, even in these strenuous days, better represented in the strong-rooms of the jewellers than of the pawn-shops. A brilliant exhibition of stones was seen last week at Garrard's, lent by various families in aid of the Dockland Settlement. The Duke of Portland's collection alone was worth a visit. Lady Cholmondeley, Sir Theodore Brinkman, Major Dermot McCalmont, Lady Zia Wernher, and Lady Newnes also thought so when seen there.

Swaebe

Captain Charles Richmond Brown, Welsh Guards, and Miss Audrey Baring, the second daughter of the late Brig.-General the Hon. Everard Baring, and Lady Ulrica Baring, were married last week at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Air Vice-Marshal Longmore and Sir Philip Sassoon, the Under-Secretary of State for Air, at the dinner at the May Fair Hotel which celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of the establishment of the Central Flying School

QUAGLINO has been prominent this week. He has opened an establishment in Jermyn Street, called "L'Apéritif Grill." This is to rival Prunier's, in Paris, for all fishy delicacies. I notice, among "Sea Food," that one can have green Marennes, also Carp Canotière; and Frogs are well to the front. The decorations are very pleasant; Lady Queensberry has presented the curtains. My companion was disappointed that there were no "private rooms," to which Quaglino sternly remarked: "No monkey business 'ere." In his Bury Street restaurant Mr. and Mrs. "Eddie" Baron were entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Ormonde Lawson Johnston; she has sailed for America, bearing a banner with this device, "Follow on, Ormonde." For he cannot join her yet, owing to pressure of work in the Stock Exchange. They were all

The Hon. Sheila Berry

talking of the gay days at Biarritz last summer, and a reminder of them would have been the eldest Miss O'Malley Keyes, sitting with Mr. "Eddie" Eily and Mr. "Terry" Weldon in another corner.

I AM sorry not to have a nice, soulful novel upon the sex problem with which to deal this week. Unfortunately, Barbara Cartland has not quite had time to write one since the effort which appeared last week; so, as the weather is cold, I append a cookery recipe from a book written by Elsie Turner, the wife of Major R. H. T. Turner, well known on the cricket fields of Derbyshire and Notts. It is called *Fifty Ways of Cooking Fish*, and the recipe selected is "Trout stewed in port." Beyond the fact that trout are now out of season, I can add that port is not, and leave it at that.

If you want to know "WHAT'S ON"—see page F, before the Frontispiece

Peter North

Miss Mary Collins

Above: a new portrait of Miss Mary Collins, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Collins, who was one of Miss Molly Wingfield's bridesmaids when she married Mr. Alister Maynard yesterday. Miss Collins's father is one of the few people who still own horses in London in preference to a car; he is well known in the coaching world

Edmund Harrington

The Hon. Patricia Berry

Left: the Hon. Sheila and the Hon. Patricia Berry are the second and third of Lord and Lady Camrose's four daughters. The Hon. Sheila Berry is twenty this year; her sister, who is eighteen, has been doing a preliminary "little season," and will be presented at Court next year

THE Ice Club at Millbank has been quite bright. It has been re-decorated recently in a spring-like green, with touches of red, which alone should cheer it up. The other day, I hear that, skating there were Lady Dunedin, dressed in beige, Lady Roundway, with a striking head-dress of black lacquered leaves, Miss Peggy Hacking, looking smart and gay in her scarlet outfit, and Mr. John Latta, looking round for his friends as he deftly skated about.

DID you know that the following were enthusiastic Irish Terrier owners? No, nor did I, until Selfridge's told me that they had been to the Show held there—Lord Carnock (does he exercise the dog himself?), Sir Murland de Grasse Evans, Sir Cassie and Lady Halden, Lady Selsden, Baroness Snoy, and Lady Dent were all there—and moreover, provide us with some excellent un-Mayfairish names.

IN the theatrical world we had hansom cabs and four-wheelers standing outside the Garrick, to remind us of the Old Time Music-Hall performance inside. At the Duchess Theatre J. B. Priestley gives us *Laburnum Grove*. This time he did not have to chase the bar-boys out into the auditorium, for he resents them preferring drinks to his lines, and sweeps through the bars like an avenging angel, murmuring broad Yorkshire. At Wyndham's Owen Nares is in his usual sort of part, "awful good chap, you know"—almost qualified to have been at school with the Western Brothers.

LET us now praise the B.B.C. Although only about eight thousand people saw the Harvey-Petersen fight at the Albert Hall, several millions, several thousands of whom have probably not paid the Government tax for their instrument, listened in. But the broadcaster could not describe the expression on Jeff Dickson's face: as the promoter, his prayers that the fight would go for more than the few rounds of the average heavy-weight contest were almost audible. Sir Harry Preston arrived with his troop of ringsiders, which included Mr. J. H. Thomas (in his best "evenings"), Sir Louis Greig, Captain "Ali" MacIntosh and Lord Decies. There was a notice on the grand organ—"Betting strictly prohibited." If left on till Sunday, Kensingtonians might be wondering if a gamble was imminent upon the technique of the organist. Lord Lonsdale got the biggest cheer of the evening. Scores of intending champions stepped into the ring, announcing what they would do to the winner, but nobody seemed to care at all who they were or when they would do it. Yiddish exhortations from all parts of the hall encouraged the fighters to all degrees of violence. By now, I believe, it has been decided that Harvey won the fight. Tom Walls looked the picture of happiness—so should I, if I had his "fan mail," which comes from all the loveliest girls in England, exclusive of Mayfair. It is the last point which is so important.

THE time is arriving when we shall be thinking of an exodus to the country of mimosa and gambling, so note that next week's number deals with the Riviera.

HERE is a nice "gossipy" paragraph: Driving through the Park the other morning, in the neighbourhood of the Dorchester, at about 10 a.m., I saw one of "Les Girls" taking a brisk walk, with a clutch of beautiful Chows close on her heels—(*I cannot believe this statement—please try to make your article adhere as closely as possible to the truth.—Editor*).

Music
(and all That)
Opera—New and Old

By "Melos"

THE old order at Covent Garden giveth place to the new, and Lady Snowden to Lady Cunard. The former was a director of the Szvarvasy Syndicate, and if the latter is not actually on the board of its successor, she is likely to be a power not wholly in the background.

Mrs. Woolley Hart was at the second of that most social of concert series, the Aeolus Concerts, which was held at Londonderry House

Miss Diane Chamberlain and Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliviera are two of the most appreciative of the younger generation of concert-goers

Another photograph at Londonderry House, on the evening when Horowitz played at an Aeolus Concert: Mrs. Burt and Princess Imeritinsky, who was Miss Averil Mullens

At the time of writing the new company has not actually been formed; but we can take its formation as a fait accompli. The main feature about it is the inclusion of Sir Thomas Beecham, who is essential to Covent Garden, not only because he knows much more about opera than anyone else in England, but because, if he is not connected with that theatre, he is likely at any moment to throw the weight of his influence and his very valuable activities into some rival enterprise.

This means that neither is successful, the Covent Garden versus Lyceum mutual throat-cutting of a couple of years ago being a case in point.

MR. GEOFFREY TOYE, the new managing director, has been busy at the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, where I have not infrequently heard opera execrably performed, despite the Press bouquets with which those enterprises almost invariably are rewarded. These lapses I do not put down to Mr. Toye.

He has composed music for the ballet *Douanes*, some years ago, conducted Gilbert and Sullivan, and is a pleasant fellow of the cherubic type and with, nowadays, no little dignity. I only trust he will be found to possess as much as one-tenth of the diplomacy of his predecessor, the late Colonel Eustace Blois.

What is needed in the man in charge at Covent Garden is not so much technical knowledge of music—that may be left to the experts—as a good business head and a knack of tackling the awkward temperaments of singers, conductors, influential subscribers, and socially-powerful females who are blessed, or cursed, with a love of opera and a still greater love of poking their noses into the business of running it.

I wish Mr. Toye the best of luck and do not in the least envy him.

MEMORIES of opera in the days gone by are conjured up by Clara Leiser's book on *Jean de Reszke* (Howe; 18*s*.). I only once heard Jean de Reszke, and that was when I was at an age when the human animal is hardly qualified for musical criticism. But I do remember his personal charm, though he was then on the plump side, his rather conventional acting, and that his voice had great beauty, though nothing like the power and roundness of Caruso's. The book, written by a perfervid admirer, is undiluted adulation, but very readable.

There is an interesting reference to Melba's only operatic failure—her Brunnhilde. Jean, singing with her as Siegfried, "was kept busy patrolling the forward part of the stage to prevent the white-clad Melba from rushing into the footlights."

It is only fair to add that Dame Nellie was fully conscious of this fiasco and quite frank about it. Years later, she herself wrote: "The music was too much for me . . . How I got through the performance I do not know . . . but I am never going to do that again. It is beyond me. I have been a fool."

BRITISH music is having a fatherly eye cast over it by the B.B.C. in the New Year. This body cannot justly be accused of having neglected British music in the past, but their boldest scheme in this line is to give, in January, a fortnight's season of Promenade Concerts devoted almost exclusively to works by our own folk.

I think this shows an admirable intention—and is, none the less, a sad mistake. Apart from the suggestion that British music is something peculiar, which has to be segregated from that of other nations, there is the danger (to my mind amounting to a certainty) that support is likely to be meagre. There is much fine British music, but it is better to pop a British item into a mixed programme than to give all-British programmes night after night. Even in the case of such a giant as Elgar, it is as well to remember that there are anti-Elgarians as well as Elgarians. Delius—if Delius can really be considered a British composer—has an individual style which, exquisite though it is, is apt to pall after a bit. And, with all their many virtues, I cannot see a "Proms" season being run on Vaughan Williams, Bliss, and Bax, with an occasional touch of the Victorian academics, Stanford, Parry, and Mackenzie.

If I am right in thinking that audiences will not be large, the verdict will be that either British music is not worth listening to or that British music-lovers do not love the music of their own country. A damaging verdict in either case.

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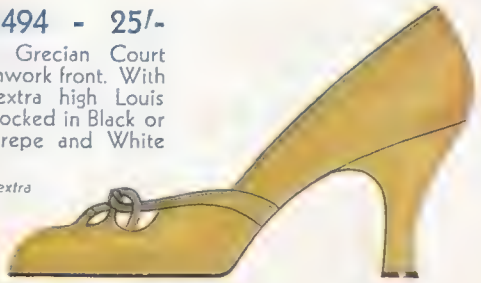

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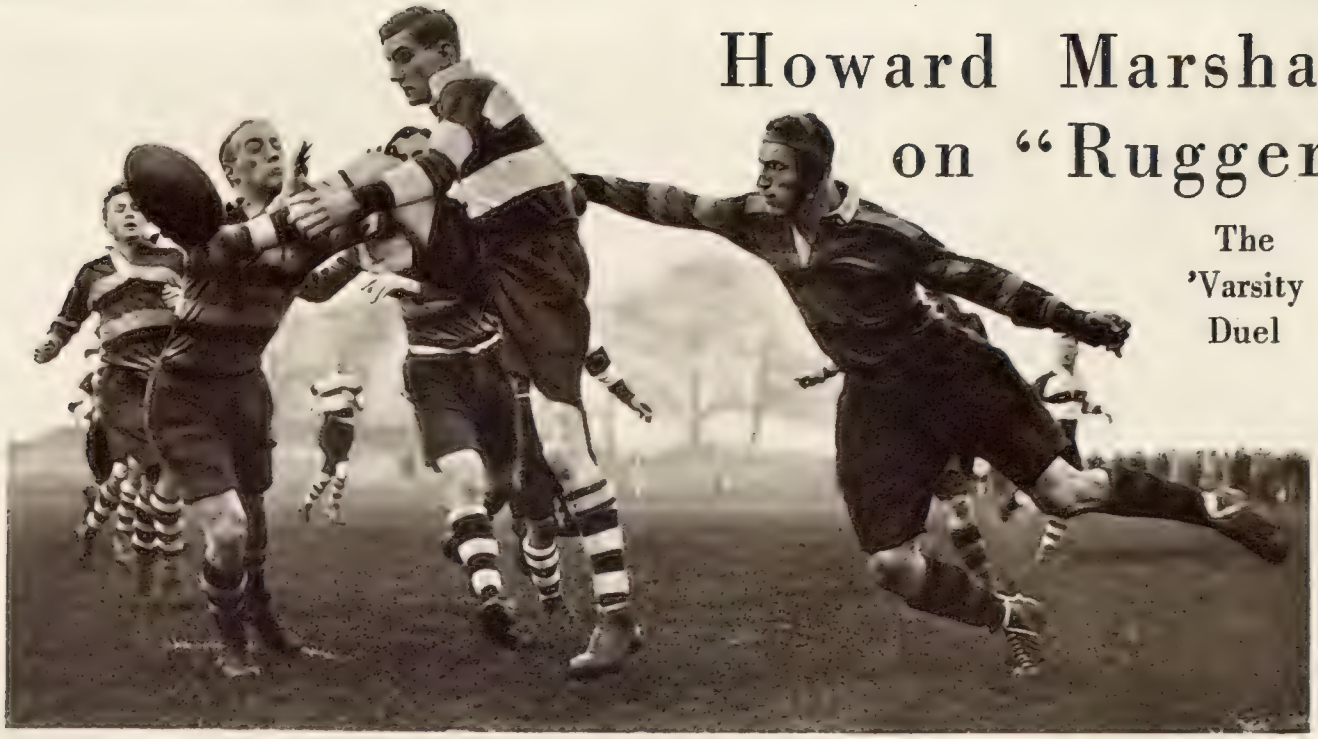
Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The 'Varsity Duel



The Bristol Fifteen at Richmond

Bristol beat Richmond, on the Athletic Ground, by eighteen points to three, and in their team there was more than one player expected to play for England. The picture shows K. C. Kinnersley, who has been selected for the English Trials as a full-back, getting in his kick when harassed by Richmond forwards

NEXT Tuesday as ever is, at half-past two, fog permitting, the annual game between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge takes place at Twickenham.

The 'Varsity match, in short, and a grand match it promises to be. The exigencies of publication dates make it essential that I should discuss it a week in advance, but by the time you read this I dare say the right mood will be upon you. A few facts first—the statisticians must be mollified. Know, then, that of the fifty-seven matches played since 1871 Oxford have won twenty-six, Cambridge twenty-one, and ten have been drawn. Know, moreover, that since the war Oxford have been victorious on seven occasions, and Cambridge on six, while once honours were easy. Finally, in the last four years, Oxford have carried off the palm three times, though the margins of victory have been narrow—too narrow, indeed, for the nerves of excitable Oxford supporters. Do you remember, for example—and I speak as an unblushing Oxford partisan—do you remember how we paled in those opening minutes last year as the fierce rushes of the Cambridge forwards drove Oxford steadily backward? And then that fearful moment when Fyfe somehow struggled free from Owen-Smith's tackle, and kicked ahead, so that Reid the ubiquitous was able to touch down for a try? Cambridge hats in the air, Oxford tails between legs, but just before the interval, that bobbydazzler of a cut-through by Lorraine which resulted in a try by Minns? Three points all at half-time—a desperate business. And then, glory be! Lorraine through again, and Minns over the line and Jenkins kicking a goal to clinch the issue. A close call, but a glorious game.

EVERY year I am taken to task by censorious readers for daring to be enthusiastic about the play in the 'Varsity match. "Call that football?" they snort, their pens spluttering with indignation. "Football—that crude, raw, thud-and-blunder stuff!" Serious fellows, these: they demand technique, science, intelligent theory translated into brilliant practice. And every year I repeat that I am sorry, but that I enjoyed the game enormously, and that is all there is to it.

But now to brass tacks. What of the result next Tuesday? A more difficult question I never remember. Having seen Cambridge play Leicester and Oxford play the Harlequins, I should have said the odds were heavily on Oxford. And then Oxford fell a little from grace against the Stanley steam-roller, while Cambridge piled up the points by brilliant attack against the Services, at Portsmouth. Oxford, in the meanwhile, went down gallantly to the formidable Gloucester team; so that, in one way and another, paper form, so far, has gone for very little. What is more, by the time these notes appear, a little tightening here and there—a little D. J. MacMyn at Cambridge, for example—may have changed the teams out of all recognition.

THERE are one or two fairly safe lines of argument, though, and first let us commiserate with J. B. Bowers, the Oxford captain and a fine forward, upon the knee injury which keeps him out of the match. Wretched luck, that, and as I write the odds are that R. B. Jones, the Cambridge captain, who has also had knee trouble, will be fit enough to play. This is important, for it is forward that the issue will be decided.

There was a time—three weeks ago, roughly—when Cambridge had a deplorably weak pack, a pack which could do the hurricane stuff in the loose, but failed dismally in the tight scrummage and the maul. It seemed then that the Cambridge backs, described by an extremely eminent Rugby authority as the best Cambridge have had since the war, would have mighty few chances in attack. Since that time of good omen for Oxford, though, Jones has stiffened up his pack, and taught them that one head in an opponent's stomach is worth two in the air where the loose scrummage is concerned. Cambridge, moreover, have some good forwards—J. A. Bowman is very good indeed, and there are others of his type. I should like to think that the Oxford pack is the better of the two: I believe it is, in theory; but packs have a way of levelling up on the great day which is most disconcerting for the critic.

That Oxford front row, nevertheless, is very useful—Pienaar, Nicholson, and Peacock. Nicholson is not only an exceptionally clever hooker, but he follows the old axiom of keeping as near as maybe within a yard of the ball throughout the game. The way these three front-row players were up in the loose against the Harlequins was most impressive.

AT half-back, Cambridge, I think, have the pull. J. E. Bowcott is not a great player: his passes are neither swift nor long, but they find C. W. Jones, and enable that exceptionally nimble young gentleman to go stabbing through the defence in the most disconcerting manner. Jones is a great little attacking player—a smaller and quicker edition of Windsor Lewis, and to counter him Oxford are playing a centre three-quarter, E. L. Phillips, on the open side of the back row. It will be very interesting to watch the duel between Phillips and Jones, though if Cambridge see plenty of the ball, Jones starts the favourite.

Then Cambridge have thrustful centres, determined wings, and behind them the neat, efficient G. W. Parker to clinch a well-balanced back division.

THIS all looks rather ugly for Oxford, but the Oxford backs very decidedly have their merits. J. McShane, for instance, is a quick and alert scrum-half, and K. T. L. Jackson made his name last year when, as a Freshman, he not only played his way into the Oxford side at stand-off half, but into the Scottish side as well. There are those who regret that the partnership of McShane and Grieve had to be disturbed, and certainly this partnership worked well. Still, Jackson is an unobtrusively good player, and if you will watch him carefully for ten minutes I think you will be surprised at the amount of defensive covering he gets through.

What is more, when he is in practice he does send his centres away beautifully, and he has two splendid centres behind him. Young Cranmer is full of promise, and Lorraine will go through a brick wall, while Warr on the wing is as thrusting and as fast as his opposite number. If only Waide had not been crocked, I should feel more hopeful, especially with Owen-Smith superb as a full-back.

Two good attacking teams, in short, and the result will depend first on the forwards, and then on the relative form of Jackson and Jones. I make no hard and fast prophecies, but I 'll be wishing those Oxford forwards the extra ounce of devil which they 'll need.

Sport with the Lid Off: By "Mark Over"

Left: the field in the Juvenile Hurdle Race, at Newbury, taking the first hurdle. Watson, T. McNeil up, can be seen leading, and made a fine recovery after jumping badly. Oliver's Corner won

Universal sympathy will be extended to J. B. Bowers, the Oxford Captain (below), who, owing to injury, cannot play in the 'Varsity match

Rough Luck, Bowers!

ONE of the odd little stories which crop up now and again in the sporting world lay behind the recent announcement that J. C. Gibbs, the Harlequin and England wing three-quarter, had decided to retire from Rugby football.

As a matter of fact, Gibbs has retired before, but, so far, he has been persuaded, in the best prima-donna tradition, to keep on making farewell appearances. This time, though, I think he really is determined to drop out, a fact which many of us will regret. And this is how it happened.

Gibbs, this season, has been playing his own unorthodox game, and carrying it to its limits. He has, that is to say, been lying right up, waiting for a chance to intercept a pass, without much regard for position or the rest of the Harlequin back division's tactics. Well, I 'm not criticising Gibbs; he has scored many brilliant tries for the Harlequins by following his own inclinations. The trouble is that the Harlequins began to think of attack in rather more orthodox terms, and finally Adrian Stoop, kindly but firmly, told Gibbs that unless he could play more orthodox football, he could not be fitted into the Harlequin team. Then came that disastrous game against Oxford, and Gibbs was not chosen for the next match.

There is no ill-feeling about it, but it is rather a pity, to my way of thinking, that so interesting and brilliant a player as Gibbs should end his football career in this manner. I suppose no wing three-quarter has ever been such a storm-centre for controversy of every kind, but my own opinion is that Gibbs, properly handled, is the most dangerous attacking player we have had since the war. His defence is more subtle and effective than some of his critics suppose—at any rate, if I were picking a team I should always be mighty glad to have Gibbs on my side. And I hope that yet again he may reconsider his decision: certainly the seven-a-sides at Twickenham will lose much of their savour if Gibbs is not there to race away and delight the spectators with his remarkable speed and swerve.

INCIDENTALLY, I was very glad to hear J. E. Greenwood's outspoken comments on scaremongering which he made at the Blackheath dinner, and a very excellent, pleasant dinner it was, by the way. Greenwood, speaking as a member of the Rugby Union Committee, made three excellent points. First, that all this talk about a Rugby Union ban on members of Rugby Union clubs attending the London Highfield games at the White City is ill-informed nonsense—of course Rugby Unionists may watch the Rugby League game if they wish to. Second, that, much though we sympathise with T. W. Brown, the Bristol full-back who has been suspended, there is no excuse for any player not making himself familiar with the by-laws about professionalism. Third, that the Rugby Union have no animus whatever against the French Rugby Federation, but that as soon as France can prove that her house is in order fixtures will be resumed.

One more Rugby football note: it is interesting to hear that W. Roberts, of Oxford and Wales, is now coaching the Rome Rugby team; he tells me he is enjoying himself hugely, and that the enthusiasm for Rugby in Italy is great.

SWITCHING over to Association football—the Austrians certainly gave Scotland a shake at Glasgow last week. Clever, constructive players, these Austrians, though they will have to watch their tendency to obstruction. I had a word with Hugo Meisl, the Herbert Chapman of Austrian "Soccer," and he was greatly impressed by the Scottish team. "But," he added, "we 're well satisfied. We 're learning all the time, and we 'll surprise you yet." And so they will.

NOT for years has there been a better fight between heavyweights than that between Petersen and Harvey at the Albert Hall last week. It was indeed strange to find a fight which was expected most likely to end in an early knock-out going the full distance, and it was still more of a surprise to some to find at the end that the smaller man had won on points. Some have questioned the decision, and think that Petersen won or, at all events, drew, but this may be said for the acclaimed victor, and this is that, by courage and ringcraft, he somehow reduced to comparative impotence the longer reach and the dangerous straight left of his opponent.

WHAT is this suggestion about a match between Georges Carpentier and Jack Bloomfield for a £750 purse at the Stadium Club? I hear the purse has been offered right enough, and I suppose it is all a matter for the Stadium Club members. But I can't say it sounds an attractive match.

The Chairman's Table

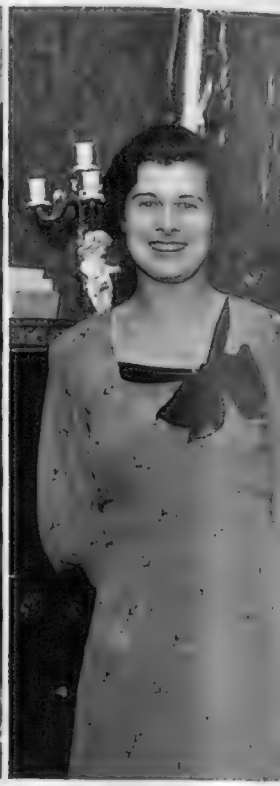
The Garrick Theatre has, for the time being, been converted into an old-time music-hall, complete with an old-time Chairman, in the person of Charles Austin, seen seated at the end of the table. Our artist, H. H. Harris, has drawn the chairman's guests assembled on the first night. On the left, proceeding upwards, are Sir Harry Preston, James Agate, A. P. F. Chapman, Sir Malcolm Campbell and Kid Lewis. Standing behind them is Charles Coborn, while on the right are Herbert Chapman, Bertram Mills, Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett and George Bishop. It will be noticed that, thanks to licensing restrictions, the liquid refreshments were entirely non-alcoholic

A MATRIMONIAL SURVEY—THREE ENGAGEMENTS AND A WEDDING

Mr. E. W. Dawson, the Captain of the Leicestershire Cricket Club, and Miss Diana Vickers, to whom he is engaged to be married, were out together on foot with the Cottesmore when they met at Whissendine

Sasha

Miss Angela Brett and Mr. Kenneth Thornton were photographed last week in London, just before they left in the Majestic for their trip to America. Their engagement was announced about two months ago



Miss Maureen Mordey, the W. Mordey, of Newport, Chapman, son of Sir man, are engaged. Sir Chief Economic Adviser to his son has several times Welsh Amateur Champion

PEOPLE WHO LIKE HORSES

ROUNDAB

The Marchioness of Londonderry, in spite of her London engagements, hunts pretty regularly with the Cottesmore. She and her youngest daughter, Lady Mary Stewart, were out on the cold but sunny morning at Whissendine

The Earl and Countess of Carnarvon were down at Highclere Castle for the last Newbury meeting. They took their eight-year-old daughter, Lady Anne Herbert, out on her pony when the Craven met there

Miss Joan Urquhart at the Mr. Urquhart Mrs. Urquhart

nly child of Mr. and Mrs. Mon., and Mr. Roger Sidney and Lady Chap- Sidney Chapman has been he Government since 1927 ; been the runner-up in the hip and plays for Wales

Mr. J. J. Hartland-Swann, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hartland-Swann's elder son, and Miss Kenlis Taylour, the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Basil Taylour, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

OUT

DANCING AND ACTING

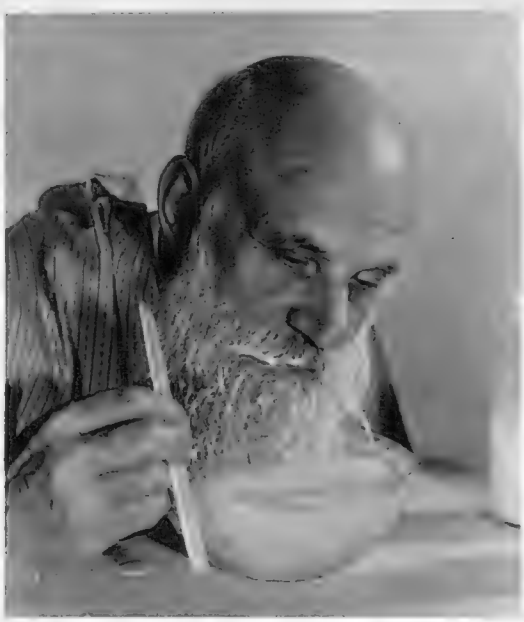
Right, above : Leslie Burrowes (Mrs. Leon Goossens) and the two players of her percussion orchestra ; the instruments include an African drum, Mexican rattles, Burmese gongs, and Chinese cymbals. Leslie Burrowes gave a solo dance recital yesterday and on Monday at the Fortune Theatre ; it was her first public appearance for a year

Sasha

Right : W. Graham Browne, Marie Tempest, and H. M. Harwood at a rehearsal of Mr. Harwood's comedy, " The Old Folks at Home," which is now in the provinces, and opens at the Queen's Theatre on December 21

Nevill, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Lingfield Steeplechase Meeting, when was riding, but didn't have a winner. and Miss Nevill are sisters

ONE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL



August Tollaire. the French actor, now doing screen work in Hollywood, daily washes his white beard, on which he says his film living depends, in milk. He is playing in " Girl Without a Room "

M. Moissaye Boguslawski, the pianist, whose living certainly depends on his hands, keeps them in a mink muff out of the Chicago cold. They are insured for 30,000 dollars

Cambridge beat Royston

Top: G. R. A. Jamieson, the Cambridge captain, and Bernard Darwin, whom he beat by 5 and 4. Middle: M. R. Gardner, who won by 4 and 3 against C. V. Grundy, seen on the right. Below: P. T. Dickinson and W. F. Ellis, who both won their matches for Cambridge

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

In Retrospect

At this time of year people who write about golf are very apt to say that the season is over and that they propose to review it, running over the triumphs and disappointments which have attended the efforts of amateurs and professionals to attain fame. I do not exactly propose to do that myself this week, but I am going to take you back to one or two amateur personalities and incidents of the past season, not because I think that you have forgotten them, but because they appear to me to be of sufficient importance to be stressed in the minds of all golfers.

The first and foremost achievement of the year was, to my mind, the victory of Michael Scott in the Amateur Championship, when he put to rout golfers no more distinguished than himself but more in the public eye; for Michael will forgive me, I know, when I say that, up to this historic achievement of his, he had rather dropped out of first-class golf. There was a time when no British Walker Cup side was complete without Michael Scott. There was a time when he had the reputation of being the finest of all amateur iron players. It seems to me that at Hoylake he did a lot to prove that, at least in the foursomes, even now no Walker Cup side is complete without him. Certainly there is still no one so sure with his iron clubs as is Michael Scott.

I remember, a long time ago, playing in a foursome at Westward Ho! with him as my partner, and I shall never forget the sight of the ball flying away, low and sure, the sight of those iron shots with which he successfully pulled me round the course. We were playing, I remember, against two very well-known golfers, and I felt, and was, out of my class. Yet, entirely through Michael—for he inspired me to play better than I knew how—we reached the last tee on level terms, and finally it came to pass that I was left with a firm mashie shot to put on to the green to make victory more or less certain. I was definitely excited, for if we did win it would certainly be a red-letter day in my life, and Michael, I think, noticed that I was nervous for he came up to me and said something which I am afraid I cannot remember just now. Probably the words meant very little, but it was the way he said them that soothed my excitability into sufficient composure for me to swing slowly. To Michael's everlasting credit, that ball did go on the green—in fact, quite near the hole, and victory was ours. I have heard from others that Michael can also pull from them better golf than they can normally produce, and I sincerely hope that he will be somebody's partner in the Walker Cup match next year against America. It is no good telling me that Michael is a veteran. On the golf-course he is merely a first-class golfer, mature with experience.

There is another man of whom I would like to speak, and he, perhaps, really does deserve the title of veteran. I am, of course, referring to Bertie Taylor, who won the Autumn Medal at St. Andrews with a score of which even Cyril Tolley would have been proud. Bertie Taylor has always been a grand golfer; he still is, and to look at him year by year there seems no earthly reason why he should not continue to be so for ever.

Young McLean, of Scotland, is another whose name certainly must be mentioned as one of the outstanding amateurs of the day. Last year he imprinted his name on the placards of fame by winning not only the Scottish Amateur Championship but also the Irish. This year he repeated the feat, in spite of the fact that in the final of the Irish Championship his luckless opponent contrived two holes in one against him. I have spoken considerably of McLean at various times during the past year, and I do not propose to enlarge upon my opinions of his ability at the moment: they must be too well known to my regular readers.

Another outstanding achievement was John Beck's victory in the St. George's Grand Champion Challenge Cup. This is virtually the medal play Championship among amateurs, and it is a desperately hard trophy to win. The list of eminent people who have won the trophy, which hangs on a board of honour in the dining-room of the Royal St. George's Golf Club, contains no names but those of great golfers. And I think I am right when I say that John Beck may, perhaps, look back upon this achievement as the best of a scintillating golfing career.

No review of the year is complete without reference to Dale Bourn, who reached two finals without actually becoming a champion. He was, rather surprisingly, defeated in the final of the English Amateur Championship, although the form that he was displaying at the time made it, perhaps, surprising that he ever reached that final stage. However, I am one of those who consider that when a man still wins in spite of playing badly, it shows that he has, to a very large measure, those fighting qualities which are so essential to a successful match player. I have heard it said on high authority that a man cannot be a great match player without, at least on the links, being rather an unpleasant character. I think Dale Bourn is one of those who prove that this contention is entirely and absolutely false. Dale is certainly one of the most popular young men playing golf in the country at the moment, and I think he deserves all his popularity. He has proved his fighting qualities, not only in the English Amateur Championship, but also in the British Amateur, when he reached the final, there to be defeated by Michael Scott. Although he has not actually won a Championship—which, to Dale Bourn, is quite an experience these days, as, lately, he has been winning some Championship or other per year with regularity—I think that this year has certainly been his best, and if he continues to play as he is playing at the moment, then, perhaps, he will improve on 1933 in 1934.

Finally, let me say that this year was also notable for the return to British golf of Cyril Tolley. Ever since 1920, when he burst from Oxford upon the golfing world, Cyril Tolley has been the leading personality in British amateur golf, and he has held his position with distinction. Now that we have got him back, I sincerely hope that he will not be tempted away from us again. Even if he doesn't win every competition, he automatically starts favourite for it, and he is always the best man to watch.

Colin Milligan, the Club's first Captain, Wilfred Bigwood, Hon. Sec., and B. Lorrimer, past Captain

A. G. Dennison, and Flt.-Lieut. Macdonald photographed waiting near the first tee

Also at the first tee: E. B. Crockford, R. M. Evans, and A. W. Heaton

Golf in the Midlands

Members of the Little Aston Club at Home

Below: Flt.-Officer De Satge and Bryan O'Donell

Below: T. Pollock and F. J. Hemmingway

A. E. Wiley and W. H. Bowater

F. Scarf and Captain C. Crosland

F. A. Bowater, M. J. Lewis, Captain J. H. Mansfield, and E. W. C. Dobson

W. T. Heaton, J. F. Cooke, and A. G. Blarney going to the second green

Amid the many attractions of Monte Carlo, none has achieved greater popularity than the recently-opened Sporting Club, which has been built in close proximity to Monte Carlo's world-famed Casino. The picture above is an impression of one of the rooms, in which rank and fashion from all over the world congregate

The Truth About Monte Carlo

Politics and the Gambler

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

To write seriously about Monte Carlo, that brilliant little Principality which has come to be considered the world's playground, seems something of an anachronism. The times, however, demand it, for amongst the romantic and indispensable activities grievously affected by the present financial chaos, gambling takes a foremost place.

France, the natural home of a pursuit so lighthearted and gay, is sadly affected, and it is, perhaps, comprehensible that, with her genius for imposing taxes which she never expects to collect, the great financiers who control her destiny have demanded a few more ounces of flesh from the already heavily stricken casinos.

The trouble of it is that they have gone a little too far. A taxation of from seventy to seventy-five per cent. is certainly too much for these prosperous beehives of pleasurable industry.

Taxation in France is usually a matter of bargaining, and in the present case the negotiations promise to be both lengthy and intriguing. The casinos, with the whole pleasure-loving world at their back, have pointed out that they cannot pay. The authorities have considered the matter and refused to withdraw.

The heads of the various casinos met and declared they could only consider paying such an outrageous tax for a limited period, and then only if they were allowed the privilege of establishing the jeux de contre partie—namely, the games in which the gamblers play against the house and not against one another, such as roulette and trente-et-quarante. This ultimatum met with a more or less sympathetic response in quarters where a certain ignorance as to the real business of gambling prevailed.

Now the fat was in the fire! The gossipers at the bars of the casinos in France had something to talk about. Monte Carlo had enjoyed what amounted to a monopoly long enough. It was now definitely withdrawn. The chiefs of the Société des Bains de Mer were to be deposed from their thrones. The Prince's castle was to become a boarding-house . . .

The only people left comparatively undisturbed are the authorities at Monte Carlo. They know the truth, as all of us do in this part of the world who have studied the matter carefully. No one wishes to discourage a sporting effort on the part of the French casinos generally to meet the difficulties of the moment, to keep their patrons happy and amused and to increase their own profits, enabling them thereby to deal with this serious question of taxation. There are conditions, however, to which they will have to subscribe which will make their task far from a simple one. Casinos are casinos. Monte Carlo is an institution. A casino with only a moderate capital can encourage such games as chemin-de-fer and baccarat with an amateur banker without the slightest misgiving. Winner and loser alike pay the tax every time the croupier drops that little slip of paper into its proper receptacle.

Chemin-de-fer, at present the commonly-played game at all the casinos of France, is only a game of chance as between the players. Profit as regards the bank is a certainty. If, say, nine people were seated at a chemin-de-fer table under casino administration and played long enough, inevitably, in course of time, the whole of the money would be in the hands of the casino.

In the case of roulette and trente-et-quarante, matters are entirely different. Here the players are playing against the casino, and the casino has to take its risks. The capital necessary to withstand the assaults of a few well-known European gamblers who happened to strike a vein of luck would be prodigious.

I HAVE said that Monte Carlo is an institution. It is so in a sense that very few of the casual visitors understand. The activities of the Société des Bains de Mer do not cease inside the walls of their gambling palace. The whole upkeep of the charming little town, with its clean, bright streets and beautiful gardens, comes under their supervision. During the season, at a considerable loss financially, they give opera which ranks as the fourth best in the world. They have built incredibly picturesque golf-links at a stupendous cost. Their tennis-courts are unequalled, the suites of dressing-rooms attached to them models of modern luxury, and here, at suitable seasons, all the best-known international players are to be found. Their Turkish baths, electric baths, and whole gymnasium installation, though small, are perfect of their sort, and made far too little

(*Continued on page vi*)

The extremely modern entrance to the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo, which, in addition to the gaming-rooms, boasts of a restaurant de luxe and a night-club, all under the same roof

FINE COGNAC—

AGED in wood. The perfect Brandy. The finest Liqueur. Even the glasses reflect the shadow of the cask in which 'Cordon Bleu' is matured for 35 years.

MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

Christmas Greetings

Craven "A" in Xmas packings -a happy Gift

The above photograph shows the reverse side of the "50" box. In the space provided you can add your name to make the Gift complete in itself. The "100," "150" and "200" boxes are packed and wrapped in the same convenient way.

200 Box 10/-

OTHER SIZES:
150, 100, 50
7/6 5/- 2/6

Alongside is the "200" Box. The "150," "100" and "50" are exactly similar in style and appearance.

Send or give Craven "A" in the cheery, seasonable, red-and-gold packings. Conveniently arranged for immediate presentation and sturdy to withstand transit by post. There are four sizes — "50" (2/6), "100" (5/-), "150" (7/6), and "200" (10/-), and it will be difficult to better any one of these as a pleasing, inexpensive "thought" for Christmas.

Your friends — you too — will appreciate the coolness, smoothness and the satisfying flavour of Craven "A" — kindly to the throat.

CRAVEN "A"

Made specially to prevent sore throats

C.A. 30

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

FOR WINTER SPORTS: DAY

AN excellent ski-suit from Leathercraft: coat of gloving leather, 8½ guineas, trousers of proofed gaberdine, 3½ guineas. Impeccably tailored, weatherproof and smart

EVENING

EVENING gown of olive green velvet with ruches around the armholes and cross-over bodice tied at the back. A Vionnet model copied in all colours by Richard Sands for 14½ gns.

Bond Street and Thereabouts . . .

A Weekly Commentary on Fashion

by Madge Garland

FUR-COAT weather, really good winter weather, but what fur coats it does bring to light! Why do even the smartest women think that as long as a coat is made of fur nothing more need be asked of it? Shapeless sacks of mink, near-mink, and minx's mink, with clumsy collars—all one has to do is to add a spray of purple orchids and my favourite badly-dressed woman stands before you.

But I 've found some grand ones at the National Fur Company, in Brompton Road—coats cut on the latest and most becoming lines, slightly shaped in at the waist, slightly flared out towards the hem, sleeves rather full above the elbows, shoulders padded but not square—coats that would look equally well in cloth (and there 's the test), but skilfully adapted to the pelts in which they are carried out. Thirty-nine guineas buys one of American broadtail, and if you 're not going to have this fitted, full-length style, choose a three-quarter-length box coat. The smartest I 've seen is Lady Rothermere's, made of white Persian lamb, lined with black and worn over a simple black dress. For evening, " busby " sleeves of white fox on a straight wrap of white ermine or cloth look clumsy but effective.

If you can disinter your mother's sable cape, wear it, tails and all, over a full-length velvet coat for theatre wear. Fasten it, in the Edwardian manner, with a corsage of flowers.

If you haven't got enough good fur for a whole coat, make it into a waistcoat. Have it cut like a man's, with points in front, but button it up to the neck and allow the collar to roll over a tweed coat cut on ample lines and wear it with a tweed skirt to match. The lamb and the leopard lie down equally well in this manner. Satin bows often close these coats and waistcoats, and if your fur coat does not fasten right up to the throat, wear a velvet or chenille scarf of a contrasting colour. Fortnum's have reversible scarves of blistered velvet which are grand and guaranteed to prevent that sore-throat feeling; and Finnigans have a selection of knitted chenille ones in lovely colours

THE indecision of the milliners with regard to our hats tilting forwards or backwards has resulted in a really alarming spate of bad millinery: no one seems to know, when they *have* bought a new hat, whether it is meant to tip forward or reveal the forehead, with the result that I saw an upturned boater of black felt worn rather far back and on the one side, whereas it should be worn almost flat on top of the head and tilted slightly over the right eye. It 's one of the sweetest hats of the season, and Stiebel has it.

If you want to appear to have a lot of hat at the back and none in front, wear Mainbocher's net cap on to the back of which a mass of ostrich fronds are stitched—it can be worn only for very grand occasions, but is guaranteed to be the grandest hat at even the grandest parties. Stiebel has this too.

There 's a pretty Maria Guy in black felt, made like a bonnet but with a pleated frill in the centre front which breaks the hard line across the forehead; but the most successful of the turn-off-the-face hats is a Jean Patou model to be found at Fortnum's. It is of felt with a pointed crown, through which is pulled a tiny quill, very amusing for country clothes. They 've also got a village curé's hat (I can't describe it otherwise)—a shallow, black felt crown on to which the narrow brim is stitched in order to make points; this is worn quite flat on the top of the head. Very severe, very intriguing and very smart.

In the meantime, the two smartest women I 've seen this week both wore hats well over the forehead, one a toque of leopard crushed over the right eye and worn with a plain black coat, leopard cravat and muff and a spray of gardenias tucked into the tie; the other, a Suzanne Talbot béret of wine-colour corduroy velvet, so flat and worn so far over the forehead that the wearer's eyes were almost obscured.

Apart from this millinery indecision, there is the question of patterned or plain. Materials have been self-coloured for so long that patterns look conspicuous—smartly so when Lady Louis Mountbatten wears a black silk dress patterned in tiny blue and gold flowers, decoratively so when a dinner gown of black velvet, tight bodice high to the neck, flowing sleeves and full skirt, is patterned with sprays of pale pink blossoms and tied at the waist with green and gold piped ribbon. Lady Durham wears this, and Ospovat makes it. M. G.

BOOTH'S DRY GIN

BY APPOINTMENT

A "Definitely Superior" Gift!

It is usually safe to assume that a gift which you would be pleased to receive yourself, will be acceptable to someone else. That is certainly the case when the gift is a bottle of Booth's Gin!

It shows care and thoughtfulness which a friend is quick to appreciate, when you select the finest, the only *matured* Gin, in the actual flavour he likes best, Dry, Orange or Lemon. If you do not know his taste, then use your own discretion—whichever you choose it is sure to be welcomed by the recipient as a definitely superior gift!

The Attache case illustrated below is strongly made and contains three of the best:

BOOTH'S DRY GIN

BOOTH'S ORANGE GIN

BOOTH'S LEMON GIN

Price 36/-

Single Bottles 12/-

Cocktails guaranteed by the name of BOOTH'S

SPECIAL XMAS GIFT TANTALUS CABINETS

No. 1 Contains

1 Booth's Martini Cocktail (*dry*)
1 Booth's Martini Cocktail (*sweet*)
1 Booth's John Collins

Price 32/-

No. 2 Contains

1 Booth's Martini Cocktail
1 Booth's Bronx Cocktail
1 Booth's Manhattan Cocktail

Price 32/-

NOTE: All of the above can be made up in threes to suit individual tastes, or single bottles obtained at 10/6 each

Willing BG 62

Cannons of Hollywood

New moderately high crowned felt hat from Woodrows, 29/6

Cannons of Hollywood

Knitted hat & scarf from Richard Sands, 30/-

Meerson

Smart. two piece of check tweed with loose, three-quarter length coat from Studd and Millington. From 8½ guineas. Patterns will be sent on request

For the Country

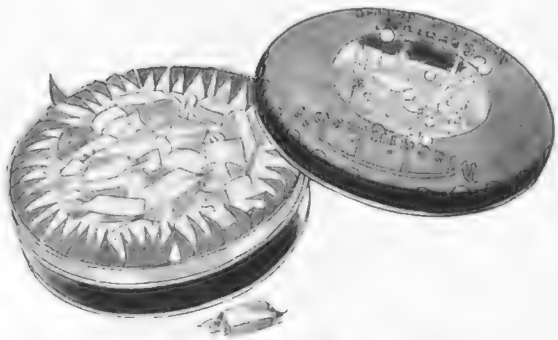
Sole Manufacturers of 'Celanese' Yarns & Fabrics and proprietors of the trade mark 'Celanese':
BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED, CELANESE HOUSE, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

ABBOTT'S mules would make a charming gift; these are made of flowered brocade in pale pink, and cost 16/9

BRONNLEY'S have prepared a delightful Christmas surprise with their Rosalind Powder Bowl in painted glass filled with beautifully perfumed bath-salts. 3/6

THIS delightful model of a flower-seller, similar to one bought by the Duchess of York, is in plaster and costs 17/6. Marshall and Snelgrove

BLUE patterned glass bottles with blue stoppers cost 14/9 and 8/6. Powder bowl to match, 17/9. From Woollands



HERE is a gift that will be appreciated by the whole family. Mackintosh's Carnival Assortment, 2 lb. tin, 4/-

HANDKERCHIEFS by Robinson and Cleaver. Finest linen with rosebud appliqué, 5/11, and two of flowered chiffon at 5/6 and 2/-

HEDGES AND BUTLER'S Chamberlin 1923 is a very fine vintage burgundy, much coveted by connoisseurs. Price 8/6

LADYE JAYNE slumber helmets are both practical and pretty. Made to improve and maintain your waves, from 1/- to 6/6

ASPONGE accompanies Maison George's bath-salts, shown in the left-hand corner of the photograph above, and obtainable in a cut-glass container at 10/6

Since 1775

HOUBIGANT

FAITHFUL

TO THEIR TRADITIONS

MAINTAIN UNALTERED

THE SUPREME QUALITY

OF THEIR

PERFUMERY CREATIONS

F. J. Gutmann

THESE prancing porcelain horses make decorative book-ends. 17/6, from Hampton's

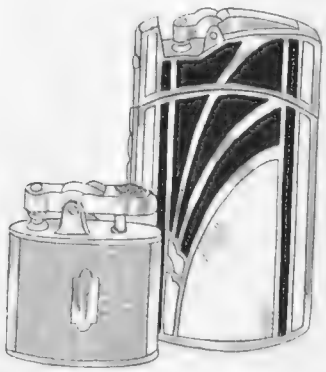
THE friendly dog door-stop in the photograph above costs 25/- from Debenham and Freebody, who also sell these glasses decorated by painted dogs at 4/3 each

IF you give a man Grant's "Stand Fast" Scotch Whisky you will be paying a compliment to his taste. Obtainable in gift cases of one, two, three and six bottles

COOL smokes for Christmas. Two British Buttner pipes in a green onyx shade casket, together with four filters, cost 37/6

JOHNNIE WALKER Scotch Whisky is packed in special Christmas cases containing two, three, six and twelve bottles

CELEBRATE the season and the return of prosperity in Charles Heidsieck's excellent Champagne



RONSON'S lighters are practical presents. One guinea buys the "Princess" in cloisonette enamel, and 52/6 the "Tuxedo"

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING
Sterling Silver and Enamel Manicure Set with steel Scissors and Tweezers, complete in crushed calf case with zip fastening, length 6½ ins. Colours: Blue, Green and Beige £2.12.6
Sapphire, Rose Diamond, Platinum and 18-ct. White Gold Earrings per pair £8.0.0
Jade, Diamond and Platinum Ring £17.10.0
Jade, Diamond and Platinum Ring £11.0.0
£1.1.0
£1.17.6
Mother o' pearl, Diamond, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Links
Per Pair £7.10.0
4 Buttons £7.10.0
2 Studs £2.15.0
Mother o' pearl, Diamond, Enamel, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Links
Per Pair £8.10.0
4 Buttons £8.10.0
2 Studs £3.0.0
£6.0.0
AN ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE OF GIFTS GLADLY SENT ON REQUEST
The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY · LTD
112 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
AT THE CORNER OF GLASSHOUSE STREET—NO OTHER ADDRESS

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

Chatter from Kent

DEAR BYSTANDER,

HERE 's an unexpected pleasure—a real, live, first-class match in the depths of winter for you to hear about, instead of cudgelling your brains over some of my pet theories as you usually have to at this time of year. It did indeed seem depths of winter when I arrived at Sundridge Park to see the Ladies of Kent play the Men of Kent, for those of them who had come up from the coast reported a good layer of snow on the hill at Charing and motor-coaches having a lively time of it there. Moreover, ominous snow-clouds hung about the horizon, making the views from the topmost holes even finer than they are anyway, and the judging of distance an extraordinarily chancey business for those who do not know the West Course as well as they might wish. There were only a few minutes of hailstorm, and hardy Thanet-ites, like Miss Wanda Morgan, seemed to keep warm in a minimum of jerseys, but Mr. Mitchell has seen too much service in the East to take kindly to such conditions. They probably had a big share in his defeat. He is a very attractive player, this champion both of Kent and the Army, with an easy control and no fuss or nonsense about the swing, but he was palpably right off his game, and Miss Morgan was right on hers. With nine strokes to help her as well, small wonder that she managed to win by 4 and 3, but it would be thoroughly interesting to see the two play each other again—for choice, on one of Kent's seaside courses, such as either of the Sandwiches, Deal, or Littlestone.

Mrs. Cooper, Miss J. Williams, Miss D. M. Heath, of Ferndown, and Mrs. Sturgess-Wells, of Leicester, competitors in the last "Bystander" Ladies' Open Foursomes, at Roehampton

MISS MORGAN was hitting the long shots beautifully, chipping well, and not putting too badly, for some of those West Course greens are very new. But having watched Miss Morgan putt very well and very badly—she can do both—I have come to the conclusion that all her friends and well-wishers, of which she has so many, ought to get up a petition to her that she will try dropping her hands at least six inches down the grip of her putter, and seeing what that will do for her. It leaves so much less room for nerves to set the putter swaying on those days when the horrible things are over-much to the fore. Miss Doris Park, who used to miss such a woeful lot of critical putts with her hands at the top of her putter, has found this an almost sovereign remedy, and any number of other nervous performers on the green say the same. I do long to see Miss Morgan experiment with it, at all events, for holing-out. That 's a digression ; I am sure poor Mr. Mitchell cannot have wanted her to add anything to the cruelties which she practised on him at Sundridge. The worst of these was at the ninth hole, by which time Miss Morgan was already three up. She pulled her drive into the plantation of

(*Continued on page 490*)

...winter hath its charms

WINTER, scarcely less than summer, has its charms—the wooded countryside in the grandeur of its winter bareness, the glory of the snows and frost—and the delights of driving a sweet-running, responsive car fuelled with the best of winter spirits—the double-quick starting *winter grade* Pratts Ethyl, which contributes so largely to the fascination of winter motoring.

PRATTS ETHYL *quicker* Pratts ETHYL *starting*
WINTER GRADE

(Continued from page 488)

young birches; trying too much, she was still in them with her second; the third was a magnificent shot, considering how she lay, but it was still some thirty yards short of the hole, and Mr. Mitchell had not played his second. There was one of the awful nine strokes, but, still . . . Well, his apparently perfect shot with a No. 4 iron was unlucky and over-ran the green. Miss Morgan hit a delightful little pitch-and-run which ended by running into the hole, and staying there, to win it in four. I don't know if that was the final breaking of Mr. Mitchell's heart; he certainly threw the next hole at Miss Morgan, and she won in the end 4 and 3. Miss Doxford, who had planned this match, and hopes to see it an annual event, did pretty nobly for her team, for, after turning two down to Mr. Chittenden, who was out in 36, she clung on so bravely to him, six-inch tee and all, that it was she who was dormy one. But the eighteenth is a long way up the hill; that West Course is a lengthy matter from the back of the tiger tees, and Miss Doxford had been taking gymnasium classes from break of day pretty nearly until she drove off the first tee. She hit a very weary second, Mr. Chittenden a perfect one, and the match was halved. That all seemed hopeful enough, but it was the end of it so far as the ladies were concerned, for every one of the rest of them was beaten, in spite of their nine strokes. I do not think it was very surprising, really. The men's team was, I believe, the same as made Sussex bite the dust; even their last man was scratch; in Mr. McGloin they had an ex-Boy and ex-Kent Champion playing third, and, after all, the ladies were without Miss Dorothy Pearson, Miss Diana Fishwick, and Miss Dodo Butler. It takes ladies of three or under to beat plus and scratch men, even with nine strokes, and even on other courses than Stoke Poges. And Sundridge that day played long, and any day it plays hilly. Given their real team, and I am not at all sure that the result could not be turned right round.

Miss E. M. Borland (Auchterarder), Mrs. W. S. Robinson (Royal Wimbledon), and Mrs. McMilliam, and Mrs. Van Dyk, of Old Ford Manor, photographed at Roehampton

After everybody had come in out of the dark and cold, Miss Doxford gave us all a delightful tea-party. There is something very sociable about golf in November; it 's no good trying to scurry home in daylight, because there is none; the fire is very pleasant, and there seems time to sit and chat over it. I heard quite a lot of Kent news. Did you know that Foxgrove is to be turned into a municipal course next year, with that fine old mansion by the present eleventh tee as a club-house? A good many of the present members are transferring their allegiance to Sundridge, and as a farewell tribute to the passing order of things, the Kent Foursomes, which were to have come off in February at Knole, will be played at Foxgrove instead.

Then there were rumours, both distressing for Kent, that Miss Dorothy Pearson will be abroad again next spring and so will miss most of the County matches; and that Miss Fishwick thinks of stopping out in South Africa after the rest of the British team come back, so that the county will be without her, too, at the start of the season. Mrs. Marsham Townshend, the new Captain, has plenty of good material, but none (except Miss Morgan) quite up to the standard of these two. However, we shall see. Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

The three essentials

There are three essential factors in fine tailoring.

The materials from which the suit is made.
The cut which imparts the style.
The hand-sewing which moulds the character to each individual production.

POPE AND BRADLEY'S reputation has been made by the rigid principle of supplying only the best that money can buy. The essential factors are followed thus:— The materials shown by this firm are made by the finest English manufacturers; and many are made to our own exclusive design. When suits are advertised at cheap prices with the persuasive statement that they are made from the finest materials, that statement is utterly misleading and incorrect. The merchants' price for the best worsteds reach 24s. a yard. Other luxury materials, which are used by the best tailors for suits and overcoats, are far higher, reaching from 55s. to as much as £6 12s. a yard. These are facts the public does not realise.

If a man desires to purchase a really well-made suit of the best quality material, it cannot be obtained under the minimum prices charged by our firm. Suits sold below this price are definitely second-class in material, in style, and in durability. Their life is a short one, and peculiarly un-gay. Any number of men are wearing suits made for them by Pope and Bradley ten years ago, and they still look well dressed. What is the career of the cheap suit? Does it end in the dust-bin? Certainly the dustman wouldn't demean himself by wearing it. Actually, the fragments are often rescued, and if they are not used for pulp for the Press to educate the public, they are used for fresh shoddy to clothe the bodies of the multitude. Let us get away from these disturbing observations. Each season Pope and Bradley have made a number of pieces of fine worsteds to their own design, and these are confined exclusively to the house. It is impossible to obtain them elsewhere.

Some of these cloths are for those of quiet and conservative taste; others are fresh, exhilarating new designs in subtle colours. Our exclusive cloths for this autumn and winter are distinctive, yet in the best of taste. In texture, the materials are of very beautiful quality, hardwearing yet soft to the touch. They are expensive, these cloths—the most expensive made. But they are worthy of the artists who cut them and the handcraftsmen who mould them into shape. Lounge Suits from 10 Gns. Dinner Suits from 15 Gns. Dress Suits from 16 Gns.

ALLPORTS
(Established 1793)
21 & 23 Colmore Row,
BIRMINGHAM

This famous Midland firm of tailors is now amalgamated with and directed by Pope & Bradley.

POPE & BRADLEY
14 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Back to Nature
Famed throughout the civilised world as the creator of the original reproduction Pearl, Tecla now offers the pick of the Pacific Pearl Fisheries—genuine Oriental Pearls from cultured oysters—at prices little more than normally asked for high-class imitations. The name "Tecla" provides a safeguard under which lay judgment can buy with the assurance of an expert.
SHE HAS GONE WITHOUT PEARLS QUITE LONG ENOUGH
From the finest collection of Culture Pearls in the world one may now choose a wonderful Necklet complete with Diamond Clasp for as little as ten guineas. Coming direct from the Fisheries, the new Tecla Culture Pearls are open to any scientific test or examination.
An interesting booklet is in the Press, containing details of this revolutionary development in the Pearling Industry. May we reserve you a copy?
OWNERS OF TECLA REPRODUCTION PEARLS are assured that the Company's comprehensive guarantee remains in full force. A complete range of these famous Pearls will always be maintained for those who require a magnificence otherwise unobtainable—either in Culture or Wild Pearls—without an enormous outlay.
TYPICAL EXAMPLE FROM THE EXTENSIVE RANGE OF TECLA CULTURE PEARL NECKLETS AT 10 GUINEAS
Wonderful Necklet, containing 97 Pearls weighing 288·40 grains; centre Pearl alone weighs 12·31 grains. Of good colour and lustre. Length is approximately 17". Complete with diamond clasp, 10 guineas.
Tecla
7, OLD BOND ST. W.1

Cars with a Personality

The 14-h.p. Vauxhall "Light Six"

By The Earl of Cardigan

Central control leaves the off-side door free for the driver. The driving position is a comfortable one, providing ample space and leg-room for the tallest driver

The 14-h.p. Vauxhall is a good-looking car of comfortable proportions. The special "no-draught" ventilation panels of practical utility should be noted

The gear lever comes very readily to hand, and all the controls are similarly well placed. The windscreen has a good opening, in the rare event of the two screen-wipers proving unequal to mid-winter conditions

Right: the back seat provides a generous amount of space. The front seats were not pushed unreasonably far forward when this photograph was taken, but were fastened in their half-way position

If one were to make a list of those cars which offer the public really first-rate value for money, there is no doubt that the 14-h.p. Vauxhall would have to be granted one of the leading places. With the De Luxe saloon coachwork, this new model sells at £215. Even nowadays, this is a very modest price, yet it is not easy to suggest any single feature in which the car falls short of complete efficiency.

Looking through my notes, made immediately after an extensive test run, I find only one entry which is not wholly favourable. Neither of the front wings, I have observed, is visible from the driver's seat. To most people, so minor a criticism is immaterial, but it is possible, that, to a novice, there might at first be some difficulty in gauging the car's width correctly. As in many of the new season's models, the bonnet is high, the wheels small in diameter, and the wings close-fitting.

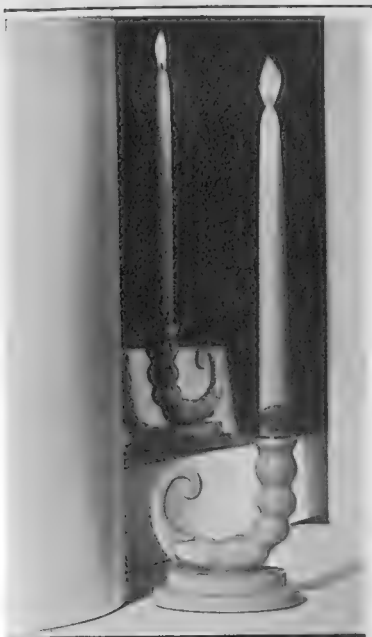
In performance, the Vauxhall deserves only praise. The engine, of the six-cylinder, overhead-valve type, is very flexible and lively, besides being more than ordinarily silent. It is capable of a 70 m.p.h. maximum, and, more important, will cruise quite comfortably around 50, or even 60, m.p.h. At such speeds, there is a complete absence of vibration or sense of effort.

The gear-box provides four forward speeds, and is of the synchro-mesh type originally introduced by Vauxhall Motors. Top and third gears are absolutely fool-proof, while first and second, although of normal design, are quite reasonably simple. Actually, it is not often that one requires to drop lower than third gear, the latter being an excellent ratio, giving a good pick-up from low speeds, while high enough to permit of a 50 m.p.h. maximum.

At all speeds, the car holds the road well, and has very light, yet perfectly definite, steering. There is little self-centreing action—rather less than I personally like—but it is a moot point whether the average driver will regret this deficiency or not. I believe that most Englishmen are in favour of a fairly strong "castor" effect, but the exceptions are sufficiently numerous to render criticism dangerous.

For the brakes, my notes give the one word, "Excellent." This, being interpreted, means that the stopping power is ample, but that, none the less, one can "put one's foot down," in emergency, with confidence and firmness. There is none of that fierceness sometimes associated with mechanically-actuated brakes. Hardly less admirable is the springing, which permits of wonderfully smooth riding under all conditions. In particular, I was struck by the car's steadiness over a "rippled" road-surface, all jarring being eliminated with exceptional thoroughness.

As to the coachwork, this provides ample space both for front- and back-seat passengers. An interesting feature is the special "no-draught" ventilation system, an innovation which I believe to be of really practical utility. Altogether, little or nothing has been omitted in a whole-hearted attempt to give the Vauxhall owner a full £215 worth of sound motoring value.



PRICE'S
Venetian candles

LE NARCISSE BLEU DE MURY

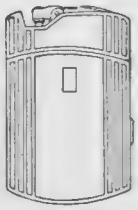
The only floral perfume of the famous house of Mury, le Narcisse Blue is here to bring you Springtime all the year round. What better gift for Christmas? In dainty flacons from a graceful whisper at 1/6 or 1/9 to an eloquent message at 3/6, 5/-, 7/6 or 10/6.

If any difficulty in obtaining from your nearest store send P.O. to us and we will send post free direct.

LES PARFUMS DE MURY (de Paris)
Dept. B.2.
2, Denman Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1
Also "Narcisse Bleu" Eau de Cologne, Lotion, Powder, Cream, Lipstick, Rouge and Liquid and Solid Brilliantine

Attractive Presents

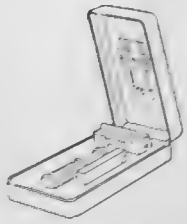
WITH ACTIVE FUTURES



The marriage of lighter and cigarette case. This *is* a smart affair. Richly enamelled in various colours and designs. A memorable gift — 52/6. Obtainable from all good class dealers.

WHAT A GIFT! A Lighter that really works always. A flip — and it's lit. Release — and it's out. Fascinating, isn't it? And sinfully attractive. Indeed, one is altogether too tempted to keep it oneself. As for the Ronson care-free Razor which is sharpened with a flick and cleaned with a swish from the tap—*no more* . . . what man can resist it? Oh yes, Ronson gifts *must* certainly go on your list this Christmas.

Ronson Products Limited, 376/379, *Strand, W.C.2.*



The Ronson Razor and strop in one. Chromium plated. Rustless blades. The last razor you need ever buy. Price 1 guinea, with 3 blades. A year's supply.
BRITISH MADE

RONSON Lighters & Razors

Hoarse?

You need

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist Stocks Them

4d. per oz.

In tins - 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3

DELAY BALDNESS

A little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL well rubbed into the scalp every day will promote the growth of the hair, it will keep it in perfect condition and impart to it a lovely glossiness.

Since 1793 the leading hair tonic.
Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers
3/6, 7/- & 10/6.
A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.,
22 Laystall Street, Rosebery Avenue,
London England

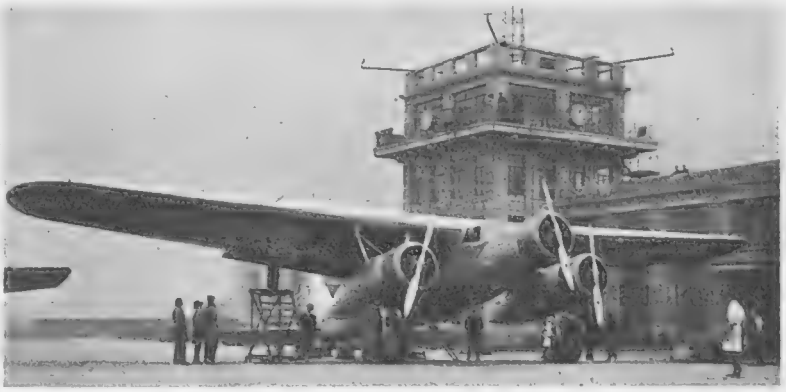
Strange Lands from the Sky : By Capt. C. E. Ward

Flights of Conquest

ADMIRAL RICHARD BYRD, the American Polar explorer and airman, is en route for the South Pole again, after an absence of two years. He hopes to find the two machines left behind in cases after the other expedition, but in the event that they have been blown away—and it can blow up to 150 miles an hour in Antarctica—he has taken with him one of America's latest twin-engined passenger 'planes for another flight over the Pole. The Admiral intends to map and claim for his country any land found lying around that has not previously been discovered, the main idea being that oil and coal are present in paying quantities. The film record of the last Byrd Expedition was one of the most amazing pictures ever shown, and especially interesting to us in England, because of the country where Scott and Shackleton carried out their work in years gone by.

Mount Everest and the Green Ray

THINKING of ice and snow reminds me that the pictures of the flight over Mount Everest, together with some of the detailed equipment, are on view at Sunderland House, Curzon Street. Colonel Etherton, one of the organisers of the expedition, is lecturing there to-night; Mr. E. C. Shepherd, the *Times* correspondent, who flew to India with the party, is lecturing on Friday, December 8th; and Mr. Olaf Bloch to-morrow, on the "Infra-Red Process," the form of photography that produces its most remarkable results when pictures are taken from the air at great heights. When colour-photography has advanced to a more practical stage, it should be possible to record the green ray from the air. This was seen by the Duchess of Bedford and her pilot quite recently. They had gone up from Woburn Abbey as the sun set at ground level, and, ascending 6000 feet into clear sky, had a wonderful view of a second sunset in cloudland, with every colour visible, including, for two or three seconds, a brilliant green light.



The most up-to-date liner of the Royal Dutch Air Service is now on the route between London and Amsterdam, a journey which it has covered at three miles a minute. It has three American engines, each of 700 horse-power, carries twelve passengers, freight and mail, and is the fastest liner operating from Croydon to Continental airports

Across the North Sea

HULL is to have its own air-service to Holland in the spring, when the Royal Dutch Air Lines will operate daily to Amsterdam. The direct crossing will occupy two hours, with an additional half hour in very bad weather, when the coast will be followed southwards as far as the mouth of the Thames. From Amsterdam, there are connections to all parts of Europe, particularly Germany and Scandinavia, and it is hoped that English companies will link the North of England, Scotland, and Ireland with Hull, so that passengers, during the long days of summer, at any rate, can travel, say, from Manchester to Copenhagen in a comfortable day's flight.

(Continued on page iv)

KIA·ORA cocktails

TOMATO GRAPEFRUIT LEMON ORANGE

REFORM COCKTAIL

Put some ice in the shaker and add: 1 part of Kia-Ora Orange, 1 dash of Angostura Bitters per Cocktail, 1 part of Dry Pale Sherry, 1 part of French Vermouth. Stir well, strain into cocktail glass.

STRAND COCKTAIL

Put some ice in the shaker and add: 1 or 2 dashes of Angostura per Cocktail. 1 part of Kia-Ora Orange, 2 parts of Brandy, 2 parts of French Vermouth. Strain into a cocktail glass and add a few drops of Kia-Ora Lemon, with a cherry or olive on top.

Delicious, appetising cocktails, made from selected ripe fruits. Already sweetened, forming a perfect non-alcoholic cocktail without any addition. Equally successful as a base for alcoholic cocktails — with the single exception of Tomato. Kia-Ora Cocktails are sold in attractive bottles by grocers and off-licence dealers everywhere. Four different varieties — 2/6d. a bottle, 1/6d. a half-bottle. KIA-ORA LTD., BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.1.

Why not include it among your CHRISTMAS GIFTS?

"How can I hit on an original Christmas present—something both charming and permanently useful?" Shapely in design and efficient in use, the latest telephone instrument, the Handmicrophone—known to the growing number of its friends as "Handy"—exactly answers your call. Make it one of your Christmas presents.

An order given by December 19th will secure the installation of one of these attractive instruments, as a gift from yourself, in the home—or office—of any of your friends who is a telephone subscriber.

The inclusive cost is £1 (coloured instruments £1 . 5 . 0 extra). Telephone subscribers can have the charge booked to their next account.

ORDER EARLY BY

applying to your local Post Office; or ringing up your Local Exchange; or writing to the Secretary, General Post Office, London, E.C.1

KEEPING FAITH WITH THE FEW . .

For the benefit of cultured women whose standards still demand the best or nothing . . . we make Parfumerie de Luxe. We make Poudre Roger et Gallet as we made it before this age of compromise—abiding by the principles that made our reputation. In this exquisite Face Powder you have a quality that can belong only to a Powder made especially for the few.

ODEURS: Le Jade, Pavots d'Argent, Feu Follet and Eau de Cologne Jean Marie Farina. Price 3/-

SHADES: White, Naturelle, Rachel, Rachel Foncée, Ocre Rose and Aurore.

THREE SHILLINGS A BOX

royds 44.

Strange Lands from the Sky

(Continued from page ii)

Captain Rex Stocken, the well-known test pilot, pointing out original features of an Italian invention he is testing at Gloster's Aerodrome. The machine, designed by Signor Ugo Antoni, has a variable cambered wing, and it is claimed that it behaves in flight like a bird

The Party Season

FOR those who do a job of work, this is mainly the close season for flying, except, perhaps, at week-ends, when the weather stays fine. Unfortunately, we live in a country of bad visibility—in the flying sense, of course. If you can find your way around in England during the winter, you are a safe pilot in almost any other country in the world, excluding, perhaps, the Aleutian Islands, Newfoundland, under a fog-bank, or the Sudan in a sand-storm. Private owners and club members do fly in December, as the various airport log-books prove, but they also attend those indoor functions arranged especially for the air conscious to while away the long evenings.

Dates for the Air Diary

TO-MORROW, Thursday, December 7th, there is a social gathering of the nations from Croydon Airport at the "Greyhound," in Croydon, for the purpose of a staff dance. On Friday next, Calshot has a Reunion Dinner at the R.A.F. Club, and this is also the date of the Airport Conference at the Mansion House, at which the Prince of Wales will preside. In the evening, Lord Wakefield is at home at the Savoy Hotel to the delegates, who will hear Lord Londonderry reveal the Government's plans to assist civil aviation in England. On December 13th, the London Club will hold its annual party at the Park Lane Hotel, always one of the better functions of the season. Major Travers has retired temporarily to his country retreat, far from the Moths and budding pilots; Mr. Spencer is at Gravesend, and the Club is established in its new quarters at Hatfield. There are dinners and dances without number on New Year's Eve. The Royal Air Force Club offers a marvellous evening from 7.30 till 3 a.m. at moderate cost. There 's a snag, however, in that the number of guests must be strictly limited to 200, of whom 100 must wear white ties.

How to Fly to Cairo

THE "Oases Meeting" in Cairo on the 18th of this month has attracted such a large number of entries, seventeen from England, seventeen from France, and nine from other countries in Europe, that the "A.A." has prepared a special guide to the alternative routes, which is available to members at one shilling and sixpence. The book sets out the various formalities to be complied with in each country, and will be kept up to date as amendments occur, so that pilots will always be in possession of the current edition.

WHY

DO MEN LOOK YOUNGER

THAN WOMEN

?

It's no good burying one's nose in one's powder-puff and behaving like an ostrich. Facts have to be faced. The average man of thirty looks a mere boy, while the average woman—well, she looks a woman of thirty. Yet men don't care a pin about youthful appearance, and women spend daily sessions in an attempt to preserve it. What's the explanation? It isn't very difficult to find.

Men as a whole think far more about general fitness than most women do. In fact, there are plenty of *Mr.* Cans in this world, but far too few Mrs. Cans. You know *Mr.* Can, of course. He's the virile, optimistic, perennially young type of man you're always reading about in the Eno advertisements. Inner cleanliness is his creed. He knows that a neglected "inside" poisons the whole body—clouds the mind, dulls the eyes, and makes every muscle flabby. And he guards against it in the sanest, best, and surest way—by taking a glass of sparkling Eno's 'Fruit Salt' every morning. The gentle, natural action of Eno banishes all poisons before they have time to do any harm—and livens and refreshes the whole system daily.

If only women would look after themselves as religiously as Mr. Can! If only the Mrs. Can'ts would forget cleansing creams for a bit and think about cleanliness within! If only they'd put themselves on Eno!

Almost at once eyes begin to brighten, skin becomes clearer, hair gains new life. The very first day you start the new régime your body seems lighter. And, perfectly freed from all that clogging waste each day, it does, in fact, grow lighter. You not only look younger, but you feel younger, too!

Take a long-sighted view of beauty and take Eno every morning. It can do you nothing but good. It contains no sugar to encourage fat. No harsh mineral sorts to upset the balance of your system. Start to-morrow—and become a radiant Mrs. Can! Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is sold by all chemists at 1s. 6d. for the handy size, and 2s. 6d. for the double quantity household bottle.

This Xmas

Make it a Buttner!

—and please him.

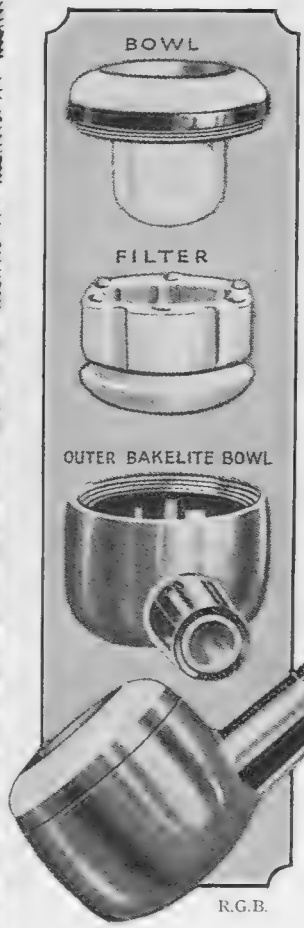
THE BRITISH BUTTNER

is the remarkable new PIPE

which has taken the smoking world by storm wherever it has been introduced. This pipe, with no hidden corners or tubes, provides the perfect, clean, healthy and enjoyable smoke.

The unique feature of THE BUTTNER PIPE is the special porous filter (the only imported part of the pipe)—a scientific triumph—light and absorbent, which compels the smoke to travel by fluted passages before reaching the mouth, cool, dry and fragrant.

This filter can be easily purified when it becomes saturated with nicotine, etc., by simply burning it off in a fire or gas ring. In a minute or two it becomes red hot and then cools pure white, ready for use again. A spare filter is supplied gratis with every pipe, and additional filters can be obtained from the Company or most leading tobacconists.



THE BUTTNER PIPE is already being smoked by hundreds of thousands of smokers in Great Britain and abroad. It makes an immediate appeal to the most exacting smoker.

It transforms smoking from a doubtful pleasure to enjoyment free of annoyance. Try it for yourself!

The Ideal Xmas Gift

Complete Pipe **5/6** with spare Filter

Post Free in the U.K.

N.B. We are producing artistic Caskets of unique shape and beautiful material, each containing 2 Pipes and 4 reserve Filters at 35/- and 37/6; also Leather Companion cases, each containing 2 Pipes and 2 reserve Filters at a Guinea. These will make exceptionally attractive and useful Christmas Presents. Apply for our illustrated Christmas Leaflet to: **THE BRITISH BUTTNER PIPE CO., LTD., 49, QUEEN ST., GLASGOW.**

THE BRITISH BUTTNER PIPE CO., LTD., 49, Queen Street, Glasgow, C.1.

Please send me by return a Buttner Pipe with one spare Filter, in payment of which I enclose Postal Order for 5/6.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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(Byst.) .....

Please use block capitals for name and address.

Or ask your Tobacconist.

BUT MAKE SURE YOU GET A "BUTTNER"

Should you wish one sent direct to a friend as a Christmas Gift, just enclose his address and we will dispatch with a card conveying your greetings.

The Truth About Monte Carlo *(Continued from page 476)*

use of by visitors, notwithstanding the ridiculously small prices charged. They own one of the best hotels in the world, with subways running into the casino proper and the new Sporting Club—the latter a magnificent building, with a restaurant de luxe and night-club all under the same roof. Furthermore, for the summer season, there is the best piscine on the Riviera and the best system of cabins, every facility for sea-bathing, an excellent restaurant, and a small hotel de luxe built on the rocks. Finally, there is the Summer Casino, at the opening of which 400 people, in these evil times, sat down to dinner and remained to watch a wonderful entertainment, to dance, or to pass into the gambling rooms afterwards.

THERE is another point which should be taken into account, and that is the personnel of the Monte Carlo Casino. No better-trained body of men could possibly exist than the small army of croupiers, supervisors, detectives, and "chefs" who carry out their duties day by day almost faultlessly. They strike the true official note in their manipulation of the game, in the universal correctness of their attire, and in their general deportment. They are urbane but taciturn. The "chef" will always bow to a well-known patron who arrives at the table, but conversation is not encouraged. Disorder, disturbance of any sort, is a thing unknown in any part of the Casino, although the general rooms, popularly known as the "kitchen," must contain, at times, desperadoes and the roughest type of traveller and adventurer from every quarter of the globe. This is, perhaps, accounted for to some extent by the fact that the Establishment have a commissaire de police, partly under their direction and partly under the direction of the Principality, with a bureau of his own, installed on the premises.

To turn once more to the less romantic, but very important, matter of finance. Consider for a moment the financial ability of Monte Carlo to withstand adversity in comparison with the bulk of its rivals. Monte Carlo, according to the actual value of the shares and at the present rate of exchange of the French franc, represents a capital of about six hundred million francs. The daily output of cash reaches sometimes forty million francs, and it has happened several times that the accounts at the end of the week show a deficit on the balance of over ten million francs. This indicates the tremendous capital needed to run with security the jeux de contre partie.

THERE is also another circumstance which must be considered, and that is that the profits of roulette and trente-et-quarante are, owing to the erratic nature of the play by individuals, mathematically small and are attained only in the long run—theoretically, in the infinite. Monte Carlo could only exist as it does by working the whole year round with a large number of tables. Is it likely that any French casino could create these conditions, which are absolutely necessary if success is to be achieved? Nice is the only town, owing to its rich population, which might have a chance, but roulette in Nice will never be allowed. The casinos which are so anxious to add these two games to their activities should remember Ostend, where the roulette and trente-et-quarante, managed by Andri and a competent board, have been a complete failure; and San Remo, where the administration, at the present moment, is making desperate efforts to hand over their gambling concession to another company.

PERSONALLY, no one is freer from prejudice than the writer of this article. I have no shares in the Monte Carlo Casino, and I have only the slightest acquaintance with the authorities, but as an almost weekly visitor to the Principality and an occasional visitor to most of the other casinos of France, one cannot help feeling that they would do well to leave these games, where the Casino pits itself against the chance visitor, alone. These jeux de contre partie cannot be played anywhere else on the scale that they are at Monte Carlo, and to attempt them on a small scale is to invite loss. Try roulette at home for an evening or two with a score or so of friends. You will find—as I, in common, I daresay, with many of your readers, have frequently found to my cost—that the bank loses as often as not.

One has every sympathy with these casinos, who find themselves in troubled waters, and one cannot help admiring the pluck of this recently proclaimed effort, but the interested onlooker cannot help coming to the conclusion that the best course they could adopt would be to put continual pressure upon the authorities, prove the situation to them, point out the folly of killing the goose that lays the golden egg, and get a reduction of that enormous tax. It was a greedy inspiration, and for financial and politic reasons should be withdrawn or modified

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Small, Convenient, Inexpensive

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Ideal homes for the business man or woman; an ideal *pied à terre* for the country resident. Select position, within two miles of Piccadilly, 4 minutes from Sloane Square and South Kensington tubes, one minute from 'bus routes, and close West End main shopping centres. Electric lifts; telephone for each flat; garages for residents' cars; central heating; constant hot water; private balconies.

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DAINTY KITCHENETTE AND TILED BATHROOM INCLUDED
Complete Furnished Flats on View.

You will be charmed with these modern miniature luxury flats. Come and see

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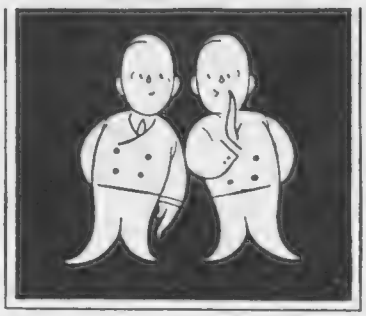

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This is the Austin Reed Christmas Booklet for 1933, brilliantly decorated by Fougasse. It's full to the brim with suggestions of things a man likes to have—from the shop he likes to buy them at.

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WAFFLES ARE WONDERFUL!

*Delicious, crisp, fairy-like waffles that literally melt in the mouth! To taste them once, is to want them again—***AND AGAIN!** *They can be eaten in such a variety of ways that one never gets tired of them. There are infinite 'variations on an original theme' and they will be found as popular for parties as they are in the domestic circle—***SO EASY WITH A SOLON!**

"... SO ORIGINAL! WHAT MARVELLOUS WAFFLES!"

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The Editor's Box

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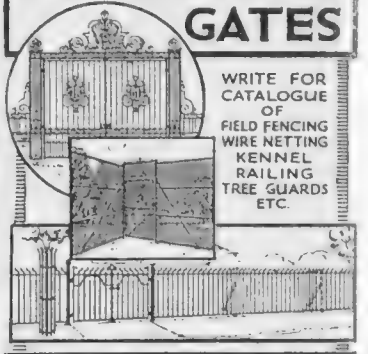

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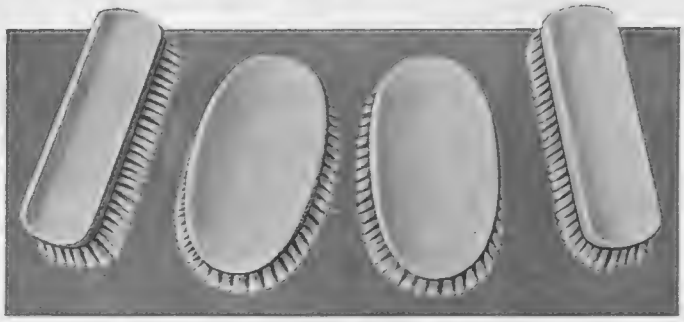

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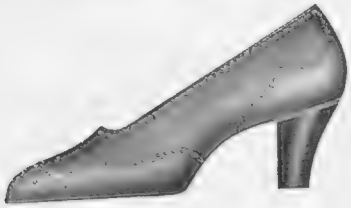

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THE THEATRE

Plays

CABBAGES AND KINGS.—Cyril Maude's cheerful humanity as the centre-piece of Forzano's gay and romantic comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRESH FIELDS.—Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys inimitable in Ivor Novello's comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

HAY FEVER.—Constance Collier in the revival of Noel Coward's comedy: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.45.

THE LADY FROM ALFAQUEQUE.—Too sweet for some palates, but Gillian Scaife acts well; Ernst Heimrath dances first: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAN PROPOSES.—The disposal is rather arbitrary, but good dialogue and the acting of Owen Nares, Dame May Whitty, and Joan Marion more than make up for the plot's weaknesses: Wyndham's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—Charles Laughton continues his Shakespearean career as Angelo, with a brilliant supporting cast: Old Vic, 8. Sat., 2.30.

ON THE ROCKS.—Bernard Shaw points his satiric finger at Downing Street; in the cast are Nicholas Hannen, Ellen Pollock and Lewis Casson: Winter Garden, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

PROSCENIUM.—Ivor Novello acts in his own play all about actors and actresses in more or less private life, with Fay Compton, Zena Dare, and Joan Barry: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year; John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon Davies head the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHAKESPEARE.—At the Chiswick Empire, 7.45.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Fordred and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TUDOR WENCH.—The Virgin Queen from a new dramatic angle; Elizabeth as a Princess acted by Beatrix Lehmann with intelligence and imagination: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK.—An English cast, headed by Richard Bird and Bertha Riccardo, in an underworld American play with a long New York run behind it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE WORLD OF LIGHT.—Cathleen Nesbitt and Aubrey Mather appear in Aldous Huxley's comedy: Playhouse, 8.15.

With Music

BALL AT THE SAVOY.—Musical-comedy on sumptuous lines, mostly imported: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BALLERINA.—Frances Doble as Varsavina, the dancer who thinks all well lost for her art: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire dances as only he can, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GIVE ME A RING.—A musical-comedy that does just what you'd expect, except that Will Fyffe and Flanagan and Allen give you an extra laugh: Hippodrome, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.—All the traditional charm, light-hearted romance and musicality of the Austrian Tyrol as a contrast for the sophistication and polish of Mary Ellis's delightful performance: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment. Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NYMPH ERRANT.—Gertrude Lawrence from start to finish; if you like her, you'll like this. Cole Porter's music again, and a super-Cochran cast and setting: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE!—Beatrice Lillie's perfect sense of humour and impudent mimicry framed in the light entertainment of Charlot's revue: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THAT'S A PRETTY THING.—A musical farce about stolen necklaces, with George Gee untiring in humour and invention as the chief robber: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNAM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce without the usual flavour; even Sydney Howard finds his famous hands rather empty: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN WHO WAS FED UP.—Basil Foster in a comedy that has its laughs in the first two acts: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHILE PARENTS SLEEP.—Anthony Kimmins' first play still raises a theatre-full of laughs: Kingsway, 8.40. Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.40.

First Nights

ANGEL.—Mary Newcombe, Mary Clare, and Colin Keith-Johnstone in Melchior Lengel's play: Vaudeville, December 7th.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elizabeth Bergner's first appearance on the London stage in the play Margaret Kennedy wrote for her: Apollo, December 8th.

COMMAND PERFORMANCE.—Drury Lane, December 11.

OPERA

OPERA.—A varied programme, mostly of old favourites: Sadler's Wells, 8.0.

CINEMAS

BERKELEY SQUARE.—The play as filmed in an English studio and with an English cast makes quite good entertainment: Marble Arch Pavilion.

HEROES FOR SALE.—With Richard Barthelmess as the star: Prince Edward Theatre.

I'M NO ANGEL.—Mae West upholds Hollywood tradition by being hard-boiled and soft-hearted; "Santa Claus Workshop" is a new Silly Symphony: Carlton.

LA MATERNELLE.—Madeleine Renaud and some more amazingly good child-actors in an interesting French film: Academy.

MY WEAKNESS.—Lilian Harvey, more modern than Puritanian this time, with Lew Ayres: New Gallery.

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY.—Lionel Barrymore's new film: Coliseum.

POIL DE CAROTTE.—Robert Lynen, the French child-actor, gives a pathetically moving and extraordinarily naturalistic performance: Rialto, to December 9th.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.—Charles Laughton and a cavalcade of Queens, under Alexander Korda's direction, produce a great English picture: Leicester Square.

RED WAGON.—Raquel Torres and Charles Bickford in the film version of Eleanor Smith's novel; Toc H. Royal Gala Première starts the run: Regal.

SPIONE AM WERK.—Brigitte Helm in a German spy story, directed by Gerhard Lamprecht: Cinema House.

THE WANDERING JEW.—An English film version of Temple Thurston's famous story; Conrad Veidt plays the Jew: Tivoli.

WHITE WOMAN.—With Charles Laughton as the star: Plaza.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Sir Henry Wood conducts a programme that includes Sibelius's Fourth Symphony and Schumann's pianoforte Concerto in A minor, with Myra Hess as solist: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.15.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts Handel's "Messiah"; a special performance for Dr. Malcolm Sargent: Albert Hall, to-night, 8.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Brahms' First Symphony and Heger's Verdi Variations appear in the programme which Robert Heger conducts: Queen's Hall, December 7th, 8.15.

COURTAULD-SARGENT CONCERT.—George Szell, appearing for the first time in England, conducts the L.P.O. in a Haydn-Beethoven-Schumann programme; Huberman is the soloist: Queen's Hall, December 11th and 12th, 8.15.

Recitals

YEHUDI MENUHIN.—The young violinist's only recital this season: Albert Hall, December 10th, 3.

CONCHITA SUPERVIA.—Four song recitals: Aeolian Hall, December 6th, 8th, 11th, 13th, 8.30.

ROSING.—Wigmore Hall, December 12th, 8.30.

KEITH FALKNER.—Only recital: Grotrian Hall, December 7th, 8.30.

ORLOFF.—Fourth Chopin recital: Wigmore Hall, December 9th, 3.

DANCING

In the Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Reda Caire entertains; Lew Stone's band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Besides Douglas Byng singing new and old favourites, Revva Reyes has come from Paris to perform; Billy Gerhardi's band: extension night, Wednesday.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Richard and Carry entertain, and Van Straten's band plays the dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" (New York Midnight Follies) are still collecting new adorers; Jack Jackson's band.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Jeanne Aubert sings; Jack Harris makes the dance music: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY HOTEL.—Wilfred Worden, the fifteen-year-old genius, plays the piano, Bert Weston talks amusing nonsense, and the Naldi Trio dance; extension night, Friday.

In the Ballrooms

BALL.—In aid of the Cheyne Hospital for Children: Sunderland House, December 12th.

HARBOUR LIGHTS BALL.—For Missions to Seamen: Claridge's, December 7th.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

EAST LONDON GROUP.—Lefevre Galleries, 1a, King Street, St. James's, to December 9th.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS Royal Institute Galleries.

ARTS AND HANDICRAFTS EXHIBITION.—Royal Horticultural Hall, to December 9th.

CINEMATOGRAPH EXHIBITION.—Home and industrial ciné equipment, studios, lectures, and demonstrations: Dorland Hall, to December 9th.

SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW: Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, to December 8th.

NATIONAL CAT SHOW.—Crystal Palace, December 6-7.

FLOWER SHOW.—The R.H.S.'s fortnightly event: Horticultural Hall, December 12th.

SPORT

RUGGER.—Oxford v. Cambridge: Twickenham, December 12th.

SOCCER.—England v. France: Tottenham, to-day.

ICE HOCKEY.—Ottawa Shamrocks v. England: Streatham, to-day.

SQUASH RACKETS.—Amateur Championship: Bath Club, to December 11th.

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E2 (top centre). Cap for large heads in stitched material trimmed with wing at side back. In lovely colours.
Price **39/6**

V1 (top left). Attractive beret in black velvet. A very adaptable and becoming model.
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E4 (centre left). Very charming velvet cap, stitched all over. Smart stitched bow on top.
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E6 (bottom left). Charming cap in material made to go with any dress. Copy of French model.
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V3 (top right). Smart cap in stitched material finished with small quills.
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E5 (centre right). Black velvet beret, worn high on one side and trimmed smart velvet bow. Black, nigger and navy blue.
Price **2½ gns.**

V8 (bottom right). Material cap, copy of model, finished with petersham in self colourings.
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V7 (bottom centre). Becoming cap in stitched velvet or material. Suitable for large fittings.
In velvet, **59/6**
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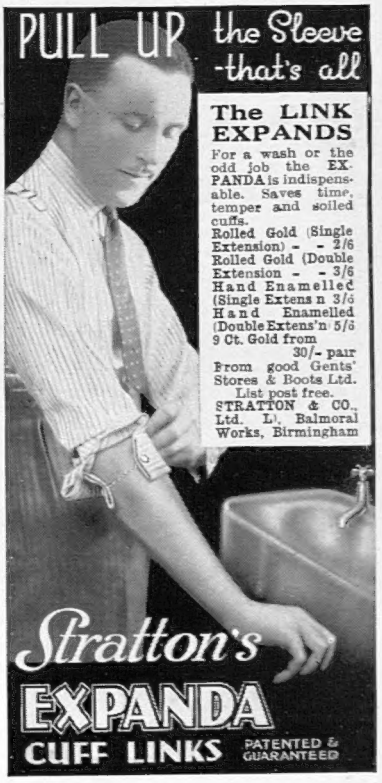

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